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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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[From Burnap's Lectures.]

REGENERATION.

[Continued.]

This brings me to the second principal division of discourse, the examination of that part of Scripture, on which this phraseology is founded. It is as you know taken from the third chapter of John, from Christ's conversation with Nicodemus. That conversation I shall now attempt to explain.

And we first observe that the artificial division of the Bible into chapters and verses, as often in other cases, so peculiarly in this, has contributed to obscure the meaning, by destroying the connection on which the whole point and bearing of the conversation depend. The last three verses of the preceding chapter ought to have belonged to this, as they are immediately introductory, and state a general truth of which the conversation with Nicodemus is a particular proof, example, illustration. "Now when Jesus was in Jerusalem at the passover, in the feast day, many believed in his name, when they saw the miracles which he did. But Jesus did not commit himself unto them, because he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." As an example of this he goes on to say, "There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews. The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles which thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." What answer was this to the address of Nicodemus? None at all surely. But it was something more. It was an answer to what was in him, to his thoughts, and purposes, and his whole character. Being "born again," was a phrase very well understood by Nicodemus, because it was a phrase in common use among the Jews, and applied to the act of becoming a proselyte to Judaism from idolatry. The convert was washed or baptized, received a new name, renounced his natural kindred, and by a kind of legal fiction became a child of Abraham, and commencing a new life, was very naturally said to be born again. Such, said Christ to Nicodemus, must be the change, which must take place in every one, even a Jew, who is received into the kingdom of heaven, and becomes a true Christian. Nicodemus undoubtedly understanding him in that sense, inquires, "How can a man be born when he is old?—Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born!" Can we Jews, who have grown old in our religion, renounce it for a new one? Are we not now the people of God?—"Jesus answered, verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born" of water and spirit, not "of water and of the spirit" as our version has mistranslated it, "he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. You come to me in secret, and profess your convictions of my prophetic character. Go, and be baptized, and openly profess your faith. You come relying on your birth as a Jew to entitle you to the blessings of the Messiah's kingdom, I solemnly assure you, that no natural lineage gives you any such privilege. Birth into my kingdom must be spiritual, not of the flesh. He who becomes a follower of mine, by imbibing the spirit of Christianity, is the true son of Abraham, and child of God. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit."—He who is a child of Abraham according to the flesh is merely a man. He has no moral or spiritual character on that account. But he who by my doctrine becomes in his soul like Abraham, he becomes a true member of the new church, the kingdom of heaven, and a spiritual child of Abraham. The whole error in this doctrine of passive regeneration so far as it is founded on this passage has arisen from considering spirit in this case to mean the Holy Spirit. The contrast is not between flesh and the Holy Spirit, but between the corporeal and the spiritual part of man; those who derived their birth from Jewish parents, and those who became true Christians in their souls. "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." Be not astonished that I say to you Jews, ye must be born again, must outwardly profess, and inwardly, spiritually adopt and practise my religion; for although you may trace human descent and parentage, and ascertain by something outward, who are or who are not Jews by birth, the children of Abraham and as you conceive the children of God, spiritual birth the true children of Abraham, cannot be discovered by any thing of the kind. Virtue and holiness, acknowledge no such descent, they are equally within the attainment of every soul. You cannot trace them to any earthly origin or lineage, any more than you can find the place where the wind that blows begins, or where it ends.

To what then does this amount? Simply to this. The Evangelist John relates of Jesus, as an evidence of his Messiahship, what the Jews expected of their Messiah, that he should have power to discern the thoughts and characters of men; that on his visit to Jerusalem after his baptism, Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews came to him by night, for fear of committing himself by such a visit by day, with a design no doubt, to do what in modern homely phrase would be called to sound him, to lead him into conversation, to find out more of him, his mission and designs, in order to become his follower or not, as his prudence or interest might ultimately dictate. Jesus at once discovering the character and mental condition of the man, instead of replying directly to his address, which was merely a respectful profession of belief in his prophetic character, answers to his thoughts, opinions and purposes, and tells him that baptism, outward profession and spiritual renovation, were the only initiation into his kingdom. It was the renovation of the soul which was the requisite, not the birth of the body of Jewish lineage. That is, a man to enjoy the blessedness of the Messiah's kingdom must become a Christian, both by profession and practice, both outwardly and inwardly.

Is there one word said here of the fall of man, of original sin and entire inability in man to will or to do any good? Is there any thing intimated of the necessity of his nature being changed by an Almighty fiat, before he is capable of moral agency? Is there any indication that the souls of men were merely passive in their translation into the kingdom of God? It does not appear that Jesus was speaking on that subject. There is no mention of the agent in regeneration at all. He neither asserts nor denies that the soul is regenerated by the irresistible influences of the Holy Spirit. He merely declares that the qualifications for admission into the kingdom of heaven are spiritual, of the mind, and not of the flesh or body, by birth or descent. By what means those qualities are produced or acquired he does not assert. It would have been entirely foreign to his purpose and to the subject, to have said any thing about it. But there are circumstances in the case, which show that he did not suppose that spiritual regeneration was produced by any foreign, irresistible agency. For it is coupled in the same category, and made a part of the same condition, with being born of water. That was certainly voluntary, and brought about by free, voluntary agency, and we have a right to suppose spiritual birth or the moral preparation, to be voluntary likewise. To suppose otherwise, would be to suppose that Christ gave as a condition of entering his kingdom, one thing which men could comply with, and another which they could not; which would make the condition, as offered to free, intelligent, and responsible agents, exceedingly trifling and inconsequent. So you perceive that the doctrine of passive regeneration finds no support in that very passage of Scripture from which it is derived. It is as inconsistent with Scripture, as it is with common sense and the nature of things. Both Scripture and reason unitedly testify, that a man's actions to have any moral character, to make him better or worse must originate in himself. There is no such thing as passive, mechanical virtue and holiness.

If we would learn what other agent there is besides man's will in regeneration, we must go to our text. "Born again, not of corruptible seed, but incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." The word of God then,—this is the great spiritual power which in conjunction with the will, works a spiritual renovation in man. Now we have come to something rational and intelligible. The word of God addresses itself to the understanding, the rational faculties of man, and through them to the will, and therefore the actions it induces men to do may have a moral character, be worthy of praise or blame. We can readily see how a man may become spiritually renovated, or spiritually born into the kingdom of God by the word of God, for it operates by persuasion, instruction, motive, inducement. It may work a thorough change in him without violating his free agency, but through his free agency.—But the other interpretation, being born of the Holy Spirit, in the sense of a miraculous change of nature by irresistible power, has no moral character at all, neither makes a man better nor worse. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—He had just before been speaking of his being the bread of life, and giving his flesh and blood to be the life of the world. Some of them took offence at it, he explains himself. It is my doctrine I mean. "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life;" and as spirit, have power to quicken and communicate spiritual life. "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." The word then has power to quicken and sanctify.—And what is this but spiritual renovation, regeneration, birth of the soul into the kingdom of God? When, says the apostle, "the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." By preaching what? The word surely. But was not the power of God required to connect the word, the cause, with the effect, the spiritual renovation of the hearer? Certainly. So is his power requisite to connect any other cause with its effect, the sowing of the seed with the springing of the plant. And the accompanying agency of God is as sure in the one case as in the other. But there is another agency to come in on both occasions, that of man. He must receive the word into a good and honest heart. The Gospel did not save men against their will. It only gave them the opportunity to be saved. And the reason why one was spiritually renovated, reformed, saved, and another failed to be, was not because he withheld that efficiency from his word in one case which he gave it in another, but because one man chose to obey and the other to resist it.

"For every one that asketh receiveth."—Why? Because he asks. But this theory makes it necessary for him to receive the very thing he asks before he asks, otherwise he cannot ask acceptably. The very thing which he wishes to have done for him must have been done before or it is useless for him to pray, and if it has been done it is manifestly useless.—"The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word and it becometh unfruitful." What, choke the word, if it be irresistible!—Can omnipotence be defeated? If man be altogether passive in regeneration, can any thing in him, either the cares of this world or any thing else, afford any effectual resistance?

The doctrine of passive regeneration by irresistible power must be given up as inconsistent with the laws of the mind, the moral constitution of our nature, and unsupported, nay, contradicted by the sacred Scriptures.

It may now occur to ask, what then is regeneration by the word of God, or the Gospel, as applied to us? We will attempt to explain it. The only way we before demonstrated, in which a man can be morally changed, made a better man, is through his understanding and will by instruction, persuasion, motive, inducement.

The Gospel is a system of doctrine, a collection of facts, a body of motives, precepts, and predictions which are addressed to the understanding, the conscience, the feelings, the sympathies, the whole moral nature of man, and through all these to the will, to produce right action. Its effect of course is to form a good character when there is none, and reform it when it is bad. The spiritual birth spoken of by Christ does not define the condition before it took place to be either sinful or innocent. He merely insists that to be a Christian, a man must possess a Christian character. The Gospel enlightens the understanding, teaches it concerning God, the fountain and foundation of all religion, and makes him the all-commanding motive, the central, all-pervading force in spiritual things. It teaches more of man and duty, and the reasons of it, and thus informs, awakens and quickens the moral sense. It sets before us Jesus Christ with his all perfect character, to be an object of our sympathies and affections, and thus enlists our feelings on the side of goodness. Through his resurrection it opens to us the spiritual world with his tremendous and eternal retributions. It gives us access with greater confidence to the Father of mercies in our devotions. When therefore one who has been instructed by the Gospel is placed in a situation where a moral choice is to be made, there is a greater probability that he will choose right, for he sees more clearly the reasons for it, and his whole nature is enlisted on the side of right. By the repetition of such actions the character is formed, the soul is born into the kingdom of heaven.

But the Gospel has power to change as well as form the character. A man grows up decidedly bad. In order to enter into the kingdom of God he must become a good man. This takes place under the influences of the religion of Jesus,—sometimes suddenly, but oftener by slow advances. When it is done, how has it been accomplished? The theory we have been examining makes it to have been accomplished by almighty, irresistible power, changing his nature, or forcing his will. Such a change we have already demonstrated to destroy all moral agency and accountability. How then does it happen? Not by a change of moral nature, but by a change of moral action. One is within the power of man's free will and the other is not.

In the first place, there is a change in the objects of his attention. We all know we have the power of turning our minds, our thoughts, to whatever we please. Before, the man of whom we speak paid no attention to religion or religious subjects. He was entirely absorbed in worldly or vicious pursuits. Something called his attention forcibly to religion. Some exhibition of Gospel truth perhaps impressed him, or some event of Providence; or he spontaneously directed his mind that way, as men may direct their minds to any subject or any pursuit. Instead of thinking of his business, and his worldly affairs, when he is in the house of God, he enters into the devotions, he attends to the Scriptures, and listens with desire of personal improvement to the preaching. Instead of reading secular books exclusively, when he has any time to devote to reading, he turns his attention often to the Bible. By thus directing his mind to the religion of the New Testament, its nature is not changed. It is the same mind in all its faculties and endowments that it was before. The objects only to which its exercises are directed are changed. His understanding is enlightened, and his knowledge enlarged. He becomes acquainted with his duty and the reasons of it. He learns more of God, of himself, and of the consequences of his conduct. By this direction of his attention to the teaching of Jesus, his moral sense, his conscience is awakened, made more active and discriminating. His motives for obeying its dictates are more fully displayed and comprehended. And when he again comes to act, those considerations which were before overlooked present themselves, and he will no longer act as he did before he attended to them. His choice is different, his conduct and consequently his character changed.

In the second place, the objects of his pursuit are changed. The powers by which he pursues them are unaltered, but the objects to which they are directed are changed. Before, all his actions and energies were directed to the acquisition of worldly advantages. By the Gospel he is taught that these are not the only good; that the calm satisfactions of an approving conscience, the sense of the approbation of God, the sentiment of duty, the exercise of the benevolent and religious affections, are as rich and valuable sources of happiness as those which he has exclusively cultivated. He directs his efforts to gain these good things. When called upon to act he chooses with reference to these, he chooses to secure the approbation of his conscience by obeying its dictates, to secure the favor of God by doing his will. He seeks the pleasures of benevolence by exercising it on all proper occasions. He seeks the pleasures of devotion by maintaining communion with God.

In the third place, the objects of his affections are changed. The faculty by which he loves, undergoes no alteration. It has now new objects. Before, he was conversant only with the things of the world, with the pleasures of the senses, and the unlawful gratification of the passions. These are attended with a degree of pleasure, though of a low and unsatisfactory kind, and besides wound the conscience and injure the mind. However, being the only objects with which his mind is conversant, habit and a slight degree of gratification make him attached to them. But on directing his attention to religion and becoming acquainted with a new class of objects, such as conscience, virtue, piety, God, and spiritual things, he finds that these too have their pleasures, he becomes attached to them and they destroy his relish for the other class of objects, and wean him from them.

Thus it is that the man's habits of action become entirely changed, his feelings and affections. His character is changed, and he is born into the kingdom of God. But there is no change of nature, no irresistible action of God upon his soul. It is the result of his own free agency. But it may be asked, do you exclude divine influence? We answer, no. But "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities" does not originate or perform our actions. God gives "the holy Spirit to them that ask him," but not in order to cause them to ask him.

Here then is the distinction the neglect of which has been the source of so much mistake. Regeneration is a voluntary change of moral action, not a change of nature. That theory which would make it a change of nature would make man not a free agent either before or after regeneration. Before, he has not the power to do good, and afterwards, as this doctrine is, always connected with that of the saints' perseverance, he "is kept by the power of God unto salvation." Now he can be literally so kept only by destroying his free agency. So before regeneration he is prevented by God, through his own nature, from doing good; and after regeneration, he is prevented from doing evil by the same power, by a change of his nature, or an interference with his will. He is therefore not a free agent in either case.

But the theory of regeneration consisting in an instantaneous and entire change of nature seems in sad contradiction to facts. How happens it that the regenerated sin at all? If before regeneration every act was sinful because it proceeded from a sinful nature, so after regeneration, by which the nature is made holy, every act ought to be holy, according to the nature from which it proceeds. But this is not the case. Those who are thought regenerate still continue to sin. The capacity to sin is not taken away, nor the inclination. To what then does that holiness of nature amount which still leaves the capacity and the inclination to sin and occasional indulgence? What more can the unregenerate man have than the capacity and the inclination to sin and occasional indulgence?—There is no difference of nature between them. The only possible difference is that one yields to temptation more frequently than the other. And to what does this amount? To different habits of moral action. The only difference between them is different degrees of virtue and vice, of holiness and sin. But, it is said, up to the point of regeneration the unregenerate can do nothing good, are incapable of virtue. I answer, this bears the same marks of extravagance with the assertion that the regenerate man cannot sin.—And as one is not true, the other being based on the same hypothesis, is just as likely to be false. This point is imaginary. There is every gradation of character, from the highest to the lowest. There is no such great chasm at any particular line. All the regeneration which facts and the experience of life exhibits to us, is that of more good actions and less sins than before, and that is a change of moral action, not of moral nature.

But, it may be said, a man must be something or nothing, regenerate or unregenerate, a saint or a sinner, in a state of perdition or salvation.—I answer that this representation arises from gross ideas and false conceptions and analogies. It arises from urging the figure of birth in a point where it was not intended to apply, and from supposing future happiness or misery is to arise from place, not moral condition. Let us bring these conceptions to the test of the word of God. He that "is born of God sinneth not." That is true to the letter. But who arrives at such a degree of perfection as this in the present world? Then no one is fully born in a spiritual sense till he arrives at the perfection of heaven. Regeneration then, instead of being momentary, embraces the whole Christian course from the beginning to the end.

But what change in the moral nature of man keeps him from sinning, according to this system, after regeneration? It must be a change of some or all the powers concerned in moral action. These are the understanding and moral sense, the passions and appetites, and the will. We have already demonstrated that the will cannot be immediately touched without destroying moral action. The appetites and passions cannot, without destroying temptation, and of course moral probation. There remain then only the understanding and the moral sense. And these are the very powers which need not miraculous interference. They are the very powers which man can cultivate and strengthen to any extent by his own moral actions, and for the cultivation and improvement of which there are provided means as boundless as the universe, and as rich as the unsearchable and inexhaustible stores of divine revelation, and accessible as the everlasting fountain of devotion springing up perpetually in the soul. We conclude therefore that the soul is active, not passive, in the process of spiritual renovation, in being born into the kingdom of heaven.

WAR.

From a very piquant and excellent article in the Christian Examiner for March, we make a few extracts.

"It may be well to look at the depraving influence which the practice of war has exerted on the moral sense and feeling of mankind.—There are many who believe that all war is inconsistent with Christianity; and certainly, if men loved each other, it would be no easy matter to induce them to destroy each other; they who have the spirit of their Master could have little use for arms. But without taking this ground at present, let us give attention to a single branch of this great subject,—the manner in which war has darkened and misled the moral sense of men. We have consciences; we have power to discern the right from the wrong; but consciences, like candles, are of no great use, unless they are lighted; and very often, when they have passed through that essential process, the influences of this world either extinguish, or make them burn faint and dim.

The first instance of this that presents itself, is the manner in which war reverses all human relations, setting up others in direct hostility to those which all true religion has attempted to establish and enjoin. The ancient prophet asked, "Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?" And it was a chief object of our Savior's coming to teach us that we are all brethren, sharers of the same destiny, bound together by ties of obligation which can never be undone. But the human heart is ingenious in self-justification; and when the founder of the Hebrew Law had given the glorious command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," the bloody hand of war wrote its own charge, "Thou shalt hate thine enemy," over against it, and the two went forth to men and down to future ages, like twin precepts, though one was from above, the other from below, a ray of sunshine side by side with a red gleam from hell; and when the Savior came, the Jews did not know, till he told them, that they had not both proceeded from the same Source of light. The self-same thing has been done in later times. The author of Christianity endeavored to take care that the same fatal mistake might not be made again; he gave the solemn, explicit, and repeated charge, "Love your enemies," and over against this the bloody hand of war has written, not indeed on the sacred page, but on the hearts of those who read it, "Kill your enemies," and for ages they have done it, without even being aware of any inconsistency between this command and the other. But there stands the Savior's command, "Love your enemies." Where is the authority that can release his followers from the obligation?—Has he given them a dispensation to do in war what it would be guilty in the extreme to do at any other time? What can they plead in justification, for following a maxim so fatally hostile to his own? It is true, there is a saying, that in war the laws are still. But this, we apprehend, only states things as they are, and gives no reason why they should be so. There are times when men consent that their own laws shall be superseded by military authority; but God has never consented that his commands shall be put down by martial law. They stand in full force, as binding in one set of circumstances as in another, never to be abrogated in peace or war; and we shall find that it is not well to suffer men's traditions, prejudices, or passions to rule over his authority in the heart."

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"Another perversion of the true idea of duty is seen in the language which statesmen sometimes use respecting war. They labor to show that a war is unjust and dishonorable; they charge those who have plunged their country into it with falsehood to their trust; and as soon as they take their places in the public councils, where their influence and action can be felt they say, what? Not, as one would suppose, that it must be brought to an end as soon as possible, —but that it must be sustained. A strange inference, sure enough. Sustained? And, pray for what reason? Why, simply because it is begun. That is, a work which they themselves pronounce unjust and disgraceful in the extreme must be maintained even to its unjust and disgraceful close, wherever that may be, and for no better reason than because it is begun. Is such our obligation with respect to crimes? If we have told a lie, does a sense of duty require us to stand to it, and tell five hundred more,—ay, to keep on till the necessity of lying shall cease? Surely, this is singular reasoning; and whoever should follow the same maxim in private life would soon secure a reputation as ragged as a scarecrow in spring. Common sense and Christian principle would teach us rather, if we have done wrong, to do so no more, to repent of what we have done wrong, and to use our best endeavors to repair it. How it should be unjust and dishonorable to commence a work of sin, and not equally unjust and dishonorable to become accessory to it, must be proved from authorities which we have been so ignorant or so fortunate as never yet to see.

But more of this. The martial morals of which we have spoken have introduced a doubled and twisted idea of duty, by which the statesman, though he deplores and denounces the war, can and ought to vote for it in council; or, what is the same thing, for supplies to carry it on. Though, as a man, he considers it a sorrow and shame for his country, as a statesman he must lend his aid to it, lifting up one hand in pious horror at its enormity, and at the same time voting substantially in favor of it with the other. And all this, according to the military theory, is perfect consistency, involving no contradiction between the word and the deed. Now it is certain that no member of a state can lawfully offer physical resistance to the acts of his government. That amount of acquiescence, his allegiance to the state necessarily implies, since without it no nation could endure. But this requires no suppression of conscience, no misprision of the truth; for all the while he is at perfect liberty to use his moral and intellectual influence to bring his countrymen to a right discernment of the subject, and no power can make him instrumental in sustaining measures which his heart condemns as wrong. But it is one thing to refrain thus from physical resistance, which would be treason, and quite another to supply the means and the men required to carry on the war. It is true, there may be circumstances in which an army is endangered, when something may be done for their relief; but as soon as any purpose of aggression is manifest; whoever does any thing in aid or support of it, while his conscience disowns it, takes a heavy share of the responsibility upon his own soul. It is precisely like furnishing an assassin with money and arms, knowing the guilty purpose for which he intends to use them. Honor forbids it; patriotism forbids it; and conscience says, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther," in tones, which, though inaudible, are more impressive than the thunder's voice.

There is still another of these fantastic duties enjoined upon us by the ethics of the sword; it is, to rejoice, under all circumstances, in the success of our country's arms. Can it be that patriotism is at war with the moral sense? Must we give up our conscience for our country? If one of our children goes into a neighbor's premises to steal his property, to violate his daughters, to kill his household, and to burn his dwelling, no one will say that we ought to exult in such doings because the ruffian is of our own race. And yet, when deeds in substance the same are done by hirelings in the service of our country, whoever cannot find it in his heart to triumph in their success is denounced and despised as a traitor.—This point of morality it is not so easy to understand. The true heart must always take sides with what it considers the injured party. Most certainly we cannot rejoice in any injury or misfortune which comes to our countrymen; but if they are engaged in a dishonorable and guilty service, we cannot regret to see them under the necessity of returning without having succeeded. And when we are called upon to exult in a victory, it may be well to consider what a victory is. All the gain is, that our troops have driven back the enemy from some barren plain, sunk some of their ships with the seamen in them, or taken some town which is no use to any but the owners. And in order to secure these blessings, doubtful as they are, there is the certainty that great numbers of men have fallen. In the advantages gained there is no cause of rejoicing; no one gains any thing in comfort or possessions by the boasted success; and the cause of exultation, if there is any, can be found only by counting the number of the dead. And in this, too, there is some perplexity of feeling. We are not, of course, expected to rejoice that so many of our countrymen are slain. O, no! for then we must toll funeral bells, and sing dirges, and mourn with a grand parade of woe. But how can we make this distinction between our own and those who have fallen on the other side? We had nothing against them,—if we had, it would have made no difference; but they were no enemies of ours. We cannot be glad that they are cut off from the living, and that widows and orphans deplore them. And in fact, this wide work of death occasioned by a human pestilence is one in which we can find no cause whatever of joy. What, then, can we think of this duty of rejoicing in victories, rejoicing in death and sorrow, rejoicing in violence and blood? For our part, we shall leave it to bells and cannon, which have no conscience to prevent their saying what they are made to speak. And as to this division of feeling, by which the patriot shouts with delight over the numbers of the enemy's dead, and at the same time weeps and makes long faces for his countrymen who have bitten the dust, it may be something very self-consistent and graceful, but we cannot understand it, and we shall not lament our ignorance if we never do."

THE MODEL SCHOLAR.

Of all whom I have ever known, from our own or any other University, no one appears better entitled than Mr. Pickering to be regarded as the MODEL SCHOLAR. In saying this, I pronounce his highest eulogium, and present his strongest claim upon the public gratitude. Vast and comprehensive as was his matured learning, and valuable as were its fruits to his country and the world, the finished model he has left for guiding the studies and forming the character of the scholar and the man is infinitely more precious. Any student, commonly well endowed, who has a soul capable of aspiring to excellence,—and what young man, devoting himself to a liberal education, is destitute of such a soul?—may find in this model an unerring guide to the attainment of his lofty object. Faithfully following his guide, he cannot fail of success. One condition only is indispensable,—a condition, too, altogether in his own favor. He must begin and persevere in the spirit of his model. He must abjure every indulgence which has the least tendency to impair his moral or his mental energies, or to induce any injurious or unseemly habit. "*Procul, O Procul!*" must be the earnest exclamation of his heart against every form and aspect of moral evil. Thus persevering, he will find his progress as delightful as his success is certain.

The instructer, equally with the student, may gain wisdom from the contemplation of such a model,—the model of a character which it is his peculiar province to form. The faithful shipbuilder spares no pains in studying the best model of his art, and making his work strong and complete. Much more with the faithful builder of a human character, freighted with treasures of immortal value, seek the highest degree of perfection in his work. Here, in this noblest of human works, "the wise masterbuilder" is deserving of all honor. He entitles himself pre-eminently to the gratitude of mankind. [Judge White's Eulogy on John Pickering.

It is with great pleasure, that we insert the following excellent article, from the Boston Recorder. It must, we think, put the matter at rest for the present.

THE MASS. BOARD OF EDUCATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In your paper of February 25th, a writer, signing himself "A Citizen," has put certain questions in regard to the Board of Education, and expressed a wish that some one would answer them "frankly, plainly and honestly." With your permission, I will attempt to do this, premising that I am an evangelical christian, differing only in this respect from "A Citizen," that my lot has been cast where I have been enabled to learn some facts with which unfortunately he seems to be unacquainted. I would remark also, that the unhappy manner in which the questions are expressed, renders it difficult for any one to understand them, so as to give as "frank, plain and honest" a reply as more careful language would have enabled one to give. I will repeat the questions, and then answer them in order.

1st. Question. "When the Board was appointed, *why* was there, at first, *but one orthodox man appointed*, and all the rest Unitarians, Universalists and infidels?"

Answer. The first Board consisted of Edward A. Newton, Rev. Emerson Davis, Rev. Thomas Robbins, whose orthodoxy I think no one who knows them will question. Of the other five members, James G. Carter, Edmund Dwight, Robert Rantoul, Jr., Jared Sparks and Rev. George Putnam, I know nothing to authorize the severe judgment passed upon them, by "A Citizen;" but this is of no importance, since my object is to show that there were at best three times as many orthodox members in the first Board as "A Citizen" allows.

2d. Question. "Why appoint a Unitarian Secretary to inspect and control all the common schools in the State, three fourths of which are orthodox? Is the Hon. H. Mann more capable than any among those? [those what?]

2d. Answer. Mr. Mann neither inspects nor controls any common schools in the sense here intended. If three fourths of the schools are orthodox, it is because the districts are so; and if the districts are so, the State committees are orthodox; and the inspection and control of the schools are in their keeping, and they are accountable for them. Mr. Mann has no more control over the schools, the districts or the committees, than he has over the pages of the Recorder, and in fairness I must add, that I have never seen any evidence that he attempted to exercise any such control. No committee have ever accused him of it in their official reports, or in their individual writings.

3d. Question. "Why are teachers of normal schools selected and supported who are not orthodox, and who are to furnish the State with teachers of their own principles?"

3d. Answer. When it was determined to establish a normal school, earnest and repeated applications were made successively to Jacob Abbott, Professor Stowe, Dr. Potter and Mr. Gallaudet, four excellent men, whose orthodoxy no one will question, and after their refusal, the Board appointed the Rev. Mr. Peirce. The three schools, from first to last, have had but six teachers, Mr. Peirce, *Prof. Newman*, Mr. Tillinghast, *Rev. Mr. Davis*, Rev. S. J. May, and *Mr. Rowe*. Of these six, the three in italic type are orthodox. What reason have we to complain of unfairness here?

4th. Question. "Why are the teachers sent from the normal schools, directed not to have the Bible read by their scholars, or if read at all, *select portions*; or, as in some cases, the teachers only to read a short portion?

4th. Answer. The teachers, while at the normal schools, are now, and always have been required to read the Bible for themselves, and they have never been directed by their instructers, or by the Board, not to let their pupils do the same. No *selection* has ever been used in any normal school, the *whole* Bible is now and always has been required. When the young teachers leave the normal schools and go into the districts, the committees determine how the scriptures shall be read there, and, as "A Citizen" says three quarters of the schools are orthodox, where lies the blame? As the *whole* Bible cannot be read at every lesson, the pupils must read a portion at a time; and in what respect does this differ from the custom in our churches? At one of the orthodox churches in Newton the custom was, not long since, and perhaps now is, not to read the Scriptures at all, or only to read it half the day, and in all cases to read a *short portion*, and that, *selected*. The charge in this question needs proof, and we who ask it must be careful how we throw our stones.

5th. Question. "Why do *they* issue forth a dogma of *no corporal punishment*, but govern by what they call *moral suasion*, which is rather civil suasion than moral, as though wiser than Solomon or Solomon's Inspirer?"

5th. Answer. I am not sure that I understand the drift of this question, and I can only say, that no one of the Board, and only one of all the teachers of the normal schools, has ever "issued forth the dogma" above mentioned, and his school has always been well governed. The Secretary himself has always contended for the use of the rod, and how a different opinion should ever have been entertained is unaccountable to one who has read his reports, and lectures, and his Common School Journal.

I have thus endeavored, Messrs. Editors, to reply "frankly, plainly, and honestly" to the questions of "A Citizen," and I shall be truly happy if my answers, which are not conjectured, but based on personal knowledge, should lead our evangelical brethren to be more cautious in their judgment of others, and more sure of facts before they find fault, and draw conclusions.

[Boston Recorder.

THE SOCIAL VIRTUES.

The happiness of this life consists much in the interchange of kind affections, and tender sympathies, and mutual condescensions. We must live for each other: we have to encounter many varieties of character and opinion, and therefore must never be weary of making little concessions, of pardoning little errors, or even forgiving insults. Whatever fame or splendor may attend commanding talents, we always value most the virtues that make us easy and happy; and it is pleasing to think how many have been lamented and beloved by their friends for their kind affections, their amiable and benevolent exertions. Since so few of us can expect to make this world ring with our name, our talents, or any thing else, why is it not a labor most worthy of the Christian heart, to endear ourselves to those around us! so that our presence may kindle a smile through the social circle, and our friends may rejoice that they are brought nearer to each other in their mutual love of us; so that in our absence they may feel that one is wanting: and when our heads are laid low in the grave, they may say with bursting hearts, We have lost him who always made us happy.

LITTLE PLEASURE.

"I take but little pleasure." Now that word "little" has led thousands into a great deal of mischief. What one calls little, another may call much; and it is by little and little that the soul of a sinner is led the whole length of temptation, sin and sorrow.

A man may take a little holiday, a little whiskey and a little pleasure; he may lose a little time and spend a little money, till he becomes almost unknown to himself—a great drunkard, a great spendthrift and a great libertine.

If you will think for a moment, you must be convinced that what I say is true. The greatest rogue that ever robbed another, the most notorious highwayman that ever robbed a traveller, became so by little and little. If a little leak will sink a great ship, and a little fire destroy a great city, so, in like manner, a little sin may be the means of ruining the soul. When, therefore, you are asked to do what is wrong, never deceive yourself by thinking that you may go a little way out of the path of rectitude. He who keeps in the broad turnpike-road of duty is not likely to lose himself; but he who quits it for the thorny by-paths of his own inclinations and passions, may wander where he never intended.

A TEST OF PIETY.

If our path be one of daily, weekly, monthly, yearly *progress*—if we are growing substantially *better* as we grow older—if we are more penitent and kind, more meek, humble, and obedient, more diligent and self-denying, more anxious about *being* what we ought to be, and less anxious about *feeling* so, or *appearing* so; then we may have hope that our religion is somewhat substantial—that it can stand against scorn and contempt without, and also against impatience, fretfulness and despondency within—that we are, to some faint degree at least, unworthy as we are—yet in some faint degree "adorning the doctrine of God our Savior"—that the path we have entered on is the path of the just, and will be found to be "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day"—even that perfect, glorious, endless day, when to Christ's humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient servants, the Lord shall reveal himself as their "everlasting light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended." [Plain Sermon.

TRAINING BOYS.

The young beggars and seekers for office are not confined to the city of Washington. Boston is thronged with them. Young men are begging here for places; they will promise almost any thing if you will let them have a place here where they can see almost every thing, bad as well as good. They want to be where they can attend to theatrical shows and indulge in all manner of amusements.

They have an idea that people in cities have but little to do, and that this labor is light and will permit them to wear fine clothes "and fare sumptuously every day." They soon find, however, that there is drudgery to be done in cities as well as in the country, and that all who would gain the favor of employers must be diligent.

In cities, the attractions to the idle are irresistible, and nothing but necessity induces young people to quit. Some go into the country again and become industrious, but the many turn speculators and live on chance, or drones and live on their relatives, till the poor house opens its doors, and then they settle for life.

Would it not be good policy for serious and moral people to encourage proper *amusements in the country*, to prevent the emigration of the most active young men? Tell farmers' sons that they must be constantly at work, out of school or in school, and you encourage the fancy that farming is dull business—that minors are nothing but drudges or clodhoppers, and not fit for good society?

Have we not too many among us who sneer at the amusements of the young, and are unwilling to allow them a competent number of holidays to keep them cheerful and encourage them to be industrious? We have farmers who are unwilling to permit their children to keep a holiday once a year, where cattle shows and ploughing matches are held.

Another class permits no dancing on any occasion, *openly*, and their children go by stealth, if they ever go, and join their sportive companions. Is it wonderful that such children should incline to congregate in cities where they can indulge in comparative secrecy in their sports?

We think it the duty of farmers, if they would have their children follow the plough, to make the yoke easy in youth, and the burthen light. Let them show that there may be quite as much information and refinement among farmers as among merchants and professional men. Let them not feel obliged to keep their children ignorant, as slave holders do, in order to keep them at home.

[Ploughman.

LABOR.

The more we accomplish, the more we have to accomplish. All things are full of labor, and therefore the more we acquire, the more care and the more toil to secure our acquisitions.—Good men can never retire from their works of benevolence. Their fortune is never made. I never heard of an apostle, prophet, or public benefactor, retiring from their respective fields of labor. Moses, and Paul, and Peter, died with their harness on. So did Luther, and Calvin, and Wesley, and a thousand others as deserving, though not so well known to fame. We are inured to labor. It was first a duty. It is now a pleasure. Still there is such a thing as overworking man and beast, mind and body. The mainspring of a watch needs repose, and is the better for it. The muscles of an elephant and the wings of a swift bird are at length fatigued. Heaven gives rest to the earth because it needs it; and winter is more pregnant with blessings to the soil than summer with its flowers and fruits. But in the war for truth and against error, there is no discharge. [A. Campbell.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Once on a time lived a powerful king, who reigned over a large and fertile country. He had crowns of gold and pearls, and sceptres of ivory and precious stones. His treasury was full of the costly things of the earth; tens of thousands of armed men were ready to obey his bidding, and his dominion extended from sea to sea. But without God's blessing, worldly possessions are but an increase of care, and as this mighty monarch feared not God he was dissatisfied and unhappy.

In the dominion of the king lived a certain dervise, famed for abstinence, sanctity, wisdom, and piety; and the king, willing to profit by the instructions of the holy man, paid him a visit. He found him clothed in sackcloth, living in a cave surrounded with high rocks, on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy." Without giving any reply the dervise led the king through the rugged path-ways of the place until he brought him in front of a high rock, near the top of which an eagle had built her eyrie. "Why has the eagle builded her nest yonder?" said the dervise. "Doubtless," replied the king, "that it may be out of the way of danger." "Then imitate the bird," said the dervise; "build thy throne in heaven, and thou shalt reign there unmolested and in peace."

Now the king would have willingly given the dervise a hundred pieces of gold, if he would have accepted it, for this precious piece of advice; and here am I giving it to you for nothing. It may be as useful to you all as it was to the king, for you are all as much interested in being happy as he was. As the eagle built her nest on the rugged rock, build your hope on the "Rock of Ages." As the dervise told the king to erect his throne in heaven, so I tell you to "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Do this, and you will be above the reach of danger for time and eternity.

GOOD ADVICE.

What if people do speak against you? Let them feel you are able to bear it.

boys may wait till they are one and twenty, and yet do nothing. Idleness is the ruin of boys from the ages of fourteen to twenty-one. While unemployed, you will find them at the corners of our streets, in low grog-shops, or where soda, cakes, and pies are sold, living generally on the generosity of their more wealthy companions. We know several such. We see them daily getting what they can from others, while their poor fathers and widowed mothers are obliged to support them.

Our advice to such lads is, to go to work at something. Do not be afraid of a trade. Some of our best and most talented men once wielded the shoemaker's hammer, formed the hot iron at the anvil, moved the plane at the bench of the carpenter, or distributed the balls. It will be much more for your credit to work at something. You can all find employment if you will work. You better dig clams with cash by the halves, empty vaults with Farrington, or sell candy with Hause, than thus to waste your precious time, and contract habits that will be a source of trouble to you as long as you live.

[Olive Branch.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 20, 1847.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE SETTLEMENT OF REV. JOHN PIERCE, D. D., AS PASTOR OF THE FIRST PARISH AND CHURCH IN BROOKLINE, MASS., ON MONDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1847.

(We introduce our account of this interesting occasion with the following biographical notice, abridged from the article in the Reflector, which we referred to last week, and which in its matters of fact we are assured is quite correct.)

"Dr. Pierce was born in Dorchester, Mass. on the 14th of July, 1773. At the age of sixteen he entered the Freshman class in Harvard University. At the age of twenty, he was graduated, and for the two succeeding years, he was English Preceptor of the Leicester Academy, in this State. He then returned to his native town, and spent some time in studying theology with the late Dr. Harris. On the 22d of Feb., 1796, he received a license to preach the gospel, and during the succeeding Spring and Summer, preached occasionally in the towns in this vicinity. That year he was also appointed Tutor in Harvard University.

On the 2d day of October, 1796, he preached his first sermon in Brookline, and on the 20th of December following, he was invited to take the pastoral charge of the church and congregation. He accepted the invitation, and was ordained on the 15th of March, 1797. At that time the town constituted the parish, the salary of the minister and all expenses of maintaining religious worship were embodied in the town tax, and collected accordingly.

For a period of thirty-one years after his settlement, his was the only religious society, and consequently he was the sole pastor in the town. His life has been marked by no great and striking changes, but beloved by his people, and highly respected by all, he has labored with fidelity and quiet in this peaceful town. His health has been almost uninterruptedly good, which may be inferred from the fact that during the fifty years of his ministry, he has been kept from the house of God upon the Sabbath only thirteen times. The last time he was absent was the 3d of March, 1816,—thirty-one years ago. And now though nearly seventy-four years of age, he has no physical infirmity of any kind. He never knew for a moment the sensation of pain in the form of a head-ache, and for very many years has been almost an entire stranger to pain of any kind. During the last year he exchanged eight times with clergymen in Boston, and in every instance but one, walked into the city, a distance of nearly five miles from his house, on Sabbath morning, preached twice, and walked home again without any sensible fatigue.

While attending to his duties as a pastor, he has always manifested an interest in movements of a more public kind, which promised to ameliorate the condition of his fellows. For his zeal in the temperance reform, he has acquired a reputation, known throughout the State and country. But to no public institution has he devoted more time, and over none has he watched with more interest, than Harvard University. His proximity to this seat of learning may have increased his attachment, but independent of that he has love for it, as his *alma mater*, and an institution where young men are trained for fields of honor and of usefulness. He has attended the Commencement exercises at Harvard sixty-two times, and been chorister at the dinner table fifty-three successive years, giving to the well known words which are sung there the good old tune of St. Martins. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that of all the graduates of old Harvard, there are only *twenty-one* now living, who were graduated when he was not present. For the last *thirty-one* years he has been Secretary of the Board of Overseers of the University, having been appointed to that office at the age of *forty-three*, on which occasion the usual oath was administered to him, which was the first oath, either sacred or profane, that he ever took.

As a matter-of-fact man, in regard to common incidents, or indeed to any incidents, which have occurred in New England for the last fifty years, pertaining to its moral and ecclesiastical history, his equal cannot probably be found. His private journal being mainly a record of facts, consists of many volumes which have been strongly bound in manuscript form, and are a great curiosity. These at his decease, will be left, not to the library of Harvard University, as has been stated, but to the "Massachusetts Historical Society."

Of the town in many respects he has been a faithful servant. Fifty successive years he has served upon the school committee. Only thirty-three are now residents of the town, who were born before his settlement, and only eight of these are older than himself. Not a single married couple, that he found when he settled, remained to participate in the anniversary of his settlement.

The Jubilee on Monday, began in the Church and the following was the order of exercies.

Anthem. Invocation, and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. J. Haven, Jr., Pastor of the Harvard Church, Brookline. Original Hymn, by Rev. R. C. Waterston.

When Israel's host in days of old,
Had reached in joy a place of rest,
They to their children's children told
That righteous Heaven their aires had blest;
For God had marked the appointed way,
In fire by night, and cloud by day.

Thus, even now, O Lord, we stand,
And count thy blessings o'er and o'er,
Guarded and guided by thy hand,
Thy sovereign love we would adore;
Be with us here in gracious power,
And crown with joy this festal hour.

O be thou still our Shield and Rock,
Lead us where thou would'st have us go,
The Shepherd, circled by his flock,
The Patriarch with locks of snow—
O guard us still mid hopes and fears,
Even as thou hast for fifty years!

Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Wm. H. Shailer, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Brookline. The Hymn, beginning

Happy the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.

Address, by Rev. J. Pierce, D. D. Original Hymn, by W. B. Tappan.

Lord! hear the fervent prayer, this hour,
For him who gave the sires his prayers,
And led the children by the power
Of wisdom, found with hoary hairs.

And bless thy servant, as, to-day,
Though not like Moses veiled from sight—
He takes on Pisgah wide survey
Of toil, and harvest, shade and light.

And sees—life's wanderings almost o'er—
The world's not *all* a "fleeting show,"
To him whose faith discerns before,
The cloud, and fiery pillar's glow.

And still let gladness on him rest;
So a l his future bright shall be,
Till gathered where the pure and blest
Find an Eternal Now in Thee.

Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Gray (the only survivor of the Council which ordained Dr. Pierce). Anthem. Benediction.

The respective performances were all appropriate. We do not venture to give even a sketch of the discourse, by Dr. Pierce, because we take it for granted that it will be published, and because it was a collection of facts and dates, to which no abstract can do justice. It was deeply interesting, heard with great attention by the crowded audience, and delivered with a vigor and energy, which few young men could equal and which no young man could surpass.

After the services at the Church, the invited guests and subscribers went to the town-hall to partake of the Collation. The room was brilliantly lighted—the tables were loaded with a rich abundance and adorned with beautiful flowers. The company of ladies and gentlemen numbered at least 250. A fine band of music was provided, and every arrangement made to give interest to the occasion.

A blessing was asked by Rev. Dr. Snell of North Brookfield. After disposing of the feast of luxuries for the body—the higher and better intellectual feast commenced; and a scene followed which, for pure sentiment—innocent hilarity and rich suggesstions, has seldom, if ever been surpassed.

The following Introductory Hymn written by Miss H. C. F. Woods was then sung; Dr. Pierce remarking, (in allusion to its complimentary character,) that it was one hymn *he* could not sing.

A festal band we come,
From many a hearth and home,
To honor one,
Whose heart and voice unite
To plead for truth and right,
And spread the pure, sweet light
Of virtue's sun.

Since first his voice we heard,
Preaching God's Holy Word,
Long years have passed;
And Time with gentle hand
Hath o'er each household band
And loved familiar land
Its changes cast.

Yet firm as mountain oak,
Untouched by blight or stroke,
He long hath stood;
Persuading those who stray
In error's dangerous way,
True virtue to obey,
And rectitude.

May peace his path attend,
Health be his constant friend
And willing guest.
Joy around his fireside cling,
Hope spread her balmy wing,
And faith, bright prospects bring
To make him blest.

Now join with heart and voice,
With festal mirth rejoice,
And cheerful be.
And when earth's joys shall end,
In Heaven, where friend meets friend,
May we forever spend
A jubilee.

At the close of the hymn Dr. Wild, of Brookline, who presided, addressed the company.

He said that they had assembled on an occasion, which had no parallel, in this vicinity, and that but a few occurrences of a like kind had taken place, in New England. If the event, which they were to celebrate, was so rare among the clerical profession, it was not to be expected, that many of those present would witness another like celebration, in this age of change and restlessness. He therefore called upon all to unite cordially and heartily in the congratulations of the time, and pay due respect to their aged and venerated guest, and return to him the affections of a happy and united people. Dr. Wild said that he could bear testimony to the relations which the Rev. Dr. Pierce had borne to his people, for a long period of time—it was twenty-nine years since he left his native city, for a residence in Brookline, and placed himself under the pastoral care of the venerable man. At that time he was emphatically the minister of Brookline—the town and parish were one—their interests were the same—Dr. Pierce was the oracle—he alone dispensed the doctrines of the Gospel. Time and an increase of the population had wrought a change—portions of the vineyard had been allotted to other cultivators, and they, in peace and industry, had carefully trained the vines, so as to produce abundant and good fruit. There has been contention among the people and the pastors, but it was not the ignoble contention to mar each other's prospects, but the noble strife to see who could best prepare the fruits best adapted for the Redeemer's kingdom. So well had the venerable father performed his duties in the cultivation of the wide field, that when he looks around, and sees other cultivators upon the soil, he can, with truth, say, these are the fruits of may labors. Do I claim too much, asked Dr. W., for our guest? No—and the concourse of all sects at this festal board, the daily and hourly prayers put up for the blessing of Heaven to rest on this aged head, bear me out in the position I have assumed.

The party had assembled, continued the speaker, with a two-fold anticipation—that of administering to the creature comforts of the earthly vessel, and to enjoy the more refined repasts offered by the better portion of our nature. Thus far we have been consumers of the good things provided for us—henceforth we must be producers, and provide for ourselves, and as we have no spirits upon the table, we must trust to the animal spirits around it, to enliven the scene. Dr. Wild concluded with the following sentiment:

All hail, Dorchester, the birth-place of our venerable guest, and welcome to the enlightened and eloquent clergy, who represent it.

DR. CODMAN of Dorchester, responded to this sentiment as follows:

It gives me sincere pleasure, Mr. Chairman, to offer my congratulations on this auspicious occasion.

It is, indeed, a *rare* event for a minister to complete *fifty* years of active service in the same place, and among the same people. Few of our profession live so long, and fewer still, continue so long in the same place. It is my lot, as our *matter-of-fact* friend has told us, to be next to himself, in seniority, in sustaining the sole charge of the same people in this immediate vicinity.

Perhaps this may be one of the reasons, why I am expected to address you on the present occasion.

Another reason may be this. I have labored in the ministry for many years in the native town of our respected friend.

As a representative of this ancient town, so early settled by our Puritan fathers, consecrated by their prayers and watered by their tears, where his childhood and youth were spent, and where so many of his kindred and friends reside, I am happy to express the high respect in which he is held by its inhabitants, of all political parties, and religious denominations. His family have long been known, and highly esteemed among us, for their moral and Christian virtues.

I well remember his venerable father, with the same erect mien, and hoary head, which seems to be hereditary in the family. He was the first President of the old Dorchester Temperance Society, and took a lively interest in that great reformation. His mantle has descended upon his son, whose efforts to promote the cause of temperance and every good work, are well known throughout the community. I have been told, that it was delightful to see the aged patriarch, surrounded by his children and his children's children, in their social gatherings,—and to hear their sonorous and mellifluous voices unite in songs of praise to the God of their fathers.

Descended from such an ancestry, so distinguished for longevity, may we not hope, that the pastor of the church in Brookline, with his fine constitution and temperate habits, and the blessing of Heaven, may attain unto the days of the life of his father, (ninety-one) and thus be permitted for twenty years to come, to attend the annual commencement of his beloved Alma Mater—to set the tune in the hall—and to keep a faithful record of passing events.

The present occasion is one of peculiar interest to the inhabitants of this town. And it is gratifying to behold them merging their distinctive denominations in their desire to unite in a tribute of respect to an aged clergyman—who has been, for a large portion of his life, the minister of the whole town—who has visited from house to house—who has shared in their joys and sorrows without regard to sect or party; who has been with them, like a father among his children, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity.

Such a union is alike honorable to him and to them. But I must not forget, that others are to follow, and I will no longer trespass on your time.

Permit me, Mr. Chairman, in conclusion, to offer the following sentiment:

The Semi-Centennial of a Pastor's life—Hallowed by the tenderest recollections,—chastened by peculiar trials,—and cheered by the hope of a re-union with his people in a better world.

DR. PIERCE then offered the following:

"The coat of Jesus was without seam, woven from the top throughout;" fit emblem for his followers. His "disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." By what better name can they be called in our own, or in all future time!

GEORGE GRIGGS, Esq., the toastmaster, then proposed the following:

The Teacher and Preacher—May the one finish what the other has begun.

To this sentiment MR. GIDEON F. THAYER, school teacher of this city, responded, substantially, as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—It would be affectation in me to pretend, that this sentiment was not intended to call me up—being probably the oldest *de facto* school teacher present—but, sir, we will, if you please, consider the "school master *abroad*," and not *here*, this evening. Assembled on an occasion of joy and *jubilee*, where *freedom* would be the most appropriate element in our exercises, the constraint of the school room would be, as it seems to me, wholly out of place.

For the honor your committee have done me in their invitation to be present at this interesting celebration, I tender them, through you, my grateful acknowledgments; but still I have some apprehension, that it was the result of mistake. They supposed, no doubt, as I was an inhabitant of Brookline, at an early period of my life, that I was a *native* of your lovely hills. How fortunate for me that the list of invited guests was not wholly dictated by our venerable friend, for whom the feast was made; for, you well know, sir, that no mistake could have been made by *him* on such a point.

It is said, an Hibernian was once asked where he was born; to which he replied, "I was born in Ireland, sure; but I might have been born in England, if I had *been* a mind to!" Now, Mr. Chairman, if the same privilege had been extended to me, I can assure you, I should have chosen *Brookline* for my birth-place, rather than *Watertown*. As it was otherwise, I am compelled to confess that I cannot claim the distinction.

My early days, however, were passed among the elders of your townsmen, some of whom I see around me; and it was at your public schools that I received the first lessons of intellectual education. Nor *intellectual* alone, for in those days, on the Saturday afternoons, the only clergyman in the town gave to the scholars those instructions in the first principles of Christianity, which now devolve on the Sunday school teacher.

On this point I should like to enlarge; but I fear it would not only draw me aside from my purpose of dealing mainly with *light* matters, as most befitting a table talk, but would oblige me to exceed in time the portion, to which I am entitled.

Being among you, however, by hook or by crook—not intending by any means to implicate any one as engaged in *crooked* things—I will say a word of those early days, to which I have adverted. You know, sir, that the African considers no place fit to live in, that does not produce dates—which form the staple of his earthly paradise—and the Laplander esteems his hut of snow and ice and his fare of sea-horse and whale blubber, as the luxuries of lodging and food; and therefore cannot be surprised, that the gardens and orchards and parterres of this little spot of earth, lying immediately above us here, should have some charms for those, whose tender years were spent among them. To say nothing of the friends and companions who participated with us in their enjoyment, or whose kindness gave an additional charm to the scenes in which we were cast.

To me the impression made is deep and lasting; and no spot on the globe stands so high in my Geographical estimation, as does Brookline. Its hills and plains, its winding roads, its noble forests and quiet dells, have all a peculiar charm. Art has added much to its comforts and beauty, and the hand of cultivation has caused it to teem with the richest products. This by many is deemed an improvement; and in some sense, it is—and Brookline is still delightful—but the Brookline of *my* thought is one with far more of Nature's stamp and Nature's solitude. This is, perhaps selfish—inasmuch as the change contributes to the enjoyments of an increased number of the great family, whose happiness should be considered as dear to us, as our own.

I have said, sir, this is the dearest *spot of all the earth to me*; and yet in the retrospect I find the sufferings of my childhood were such, as to make me wonder, that I could ever have come among you at all, after having taken my leave.

In summer, there was the going to school, all the tedious way through *new lane*, to the brick school-house, which, as you know, formerly stood on the triangular lot in front of Mr. John E. Thayer's place—Oh, how long that walk seemed to me! Some times a large boy of, our neighborhood would take me by the hand, and compel me to *run*, whether I would or no.

Then in winter, when the snow was deep, how hard it was for an urchin of seven or eight years old, to lift out of the snow the cast off boots that the father, or one of his men had worn; and which, for lack of better, I was privileged to use. Sometimes as we were staying at noon at school, a certain young buck would ride his horse into the school-room, greatly to our terror. This was at the *little* school-house, as we then called it, which occupied the site of that now in School street.

In those days, "beggars and other stragglers" as they were called, were, I think, more common than now; and the cry among the children of "there's an *old man!*" was always a signal for a most precipitate flight. The children imbibed a great dread of these "old men;" and often fancied, that an irregularity in the stone wall at the side of the road, especially if seen in the dusk of the evening, was one of these frightful objects—or that a barberry bush concealed one behind its dark foliage How often have I, while returning from farmer Griggs's, at evening, with my wooden bottle of milk, kept my eye fixed on a suspicious shadow by the roadside, till I had fairly passed it, and then run like a frighted fawn—breathless to my home!

Then, in the vicinity of my father's house was a fine orchard of choice fruit trees, owned by Squire *Sharp;* and, although I do not recollect of ever having been a customer for the fruit, he kept such an Argus eye out, and would from his end door send such a shrill voice through the trees, if he thought any of the neighboring boys were committing a trespass, that every one stood in awe of him and almost trembled at his name—and we decided with one consent, that he was indeed Sharp by name and Sharp by *nature!*

Another trouble I had from another source. There were some peach trees, whose branches hung over the side of the road in front of Mr. Walley's house—since Mr. Fisher's—now Mr. Bird's.—The fruit was tempting, and as it was claimed that fruit, in such situations, was public property; one day, in passing from school, I climbed upon the fence and helped myself to some of the peaches; but, unluckily, intent upon the fruit, I left two of my school books on the fence, and shortly after reaching home, the proprietor of the trees brought me the books, in *propria persona*. The mooted question of a *right* to the fruit on my part, was not sustained nor attempted—but a specimen of the discipline of those times entirely satisfied me, that one experiment of the kind was quite sufficient.

Such, then, being many of my childish trials, not to speak of some of a *graver nature*, is it not remarkable, that I should have felt any interest in the place or the people? and yet I did. I loved every spot in it—every hill, and tree, and rock and bird—and how dearly the inhabitants! And after thirty years, I returned—became a freeholder—resumed my old associations, and was warmly welcomed by the former friends of my family, and by none more cordially, than the venerable clergyman, who had performed nearly a generation before, the baptismal rite for my brothers, my sister and myself—and by one, who was, and still is, an officer of his Church, and had been such for years at the close of my first residence in the town.

Brookline, at the time of my first leaving it, and for many years afterwards, had no paupers;—and it has often been said that the minister could not find a man in the town poor enough to saw his wood. After a while, one worthy old mechanic became nearly helpless from an accident, and was cared for and attended to with the most anxious solicitude. One family supplied him with dinners for years, and no one of the circle was helped, until a generous allowance had been despatched to Capt. King.

Fearing, however, that the benevolent principle might die out, for want of exercise, some philanthropists have, since that time, introduced a supply of subjects into the town—which, being of self-perpetuating power, will doubtless furnish material to keep the stock always abundant.

But, Mr. Chairman, I have already run to the verge of my limits. I will, therefore, give way to others more worthy of the kind attention you have bestowed upon me, and propose the following sentiment.

Brookline—Earth's *loveliest* spot: May the *union* of this day be perpetuated by harmony of action among its citizens, in all good enterprises, to the end of time.

Music from the band succeeded, and then the following sentiment was proposed by Mr. Griggs:

The College friends of Dr. Pierce—Few and honored are those who survive with us.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY rose to address the company, and Dr. Pierce remarked that, strange as it might seem, Mr. Quincy was his senior. Mr. Q. said he felt himself in a false position—he did not intend to be present, owing to indisposition, and did not intend to address the assembly. He thought it impossible to say anything not already suggested to his audience—to others who would say it better than he could. The scene he was called to witness, was a beautiful scene—a scene of the heart—one that he would enjoy, not analyse—a scene honorable alike to pastor and people—that twice blesses—blesses them who give, and him who receives. He had been asked if he could, not give some reminiscences of the early life of his friend. He believed he (Dr. P.) was a freshman, when he was a junior. (No, said Dr. P., a senior.) You are right, I doubt not, replied Mr. Q., and this makes matters better for me in not recollecting Dr. P. when in College. In those days there was an immense distance preserved between the Freshman and Senior classes—the former were looked upon as an inferior race of mortals, by their senior brethren. Although Mr. Q. had no distinct recollection of his friend; still, whether from memory or fancy, he could not say which, he appeared to recollect, that his hair was not quite so white, when he was in college, and his face not quite so round as it is now. Dr. P. stood as his *younger* friend, and Mr. Q. said it was difficult to realise how much good it does an old man to see his young friends doing well, as Dr. P. had done.

Although he had no recollections of him, still he must say that time had dealt kindly with him, or he had dealt cunningly with time. When young he had taken care of time, and, mark it where you will, when such men grow old, time will take care of them. He was wise when young, and now he has love, reverence, and troops of friends. He had always supposed, that toasts and wine went together; but he had found, on this occasion, that toasts and water did not disagree. Mr. Quincy gave the following sentiment;

The happiness of him who enjoys the blessing of the Psalmist, and bears fruit in his old age.

There was music by the band.

Mr. Griggs said, that on the 15th of March, 1797, their venerable guest was ordained; and he had no doubt the subject of the sentiment he was about to propose was fully discussed at that time, but so long a period had elapsed, since the event, he feared it was forgotten, and he hoped to hear some one speak of the pastoral relation and of the benefits resulting from a permanency of that relation.

This brought the Rev. Dr. SHARP upon the floor, who spoke substantially, as follows.

MR. PRESIDENT—I was exceedingly gratified to be honored with an invitation to be present with you on this occasion, for I have long cherished a sincere regard and true respect for the Clergyman, who is your chief guest to-day. It would do no injury to any of us, who are ministers, to imitate his kind manners, his catholic spirit and his candor and good will to other shepherds, whose flocks have sometimes been increased by the diminution of his own. These are virtues easier to praise than to practise. I believe, Sir, that our Reverend friend, to whom we offer our congratulations and best wishes for his usefulness and happiness, has been a living illustration of these virtues for a long series of years.

But possessing these sentiments, when asked to speak on this occasion, I demurred. Unused to the service, I felt that I had no fact to contribute to a dessert in the form of an after dinner speech. I therefore prayed to be excused. It was intimated, however, that something might be said on the subject of a permanent ministry. The reply was, give me a text—and I may say something. The text has not been sent, but I have found one in the history of the First Church in Brookline—It is in these words—"The Pastoral Relation. In these moving times its permanency is honorable, as its influence is highly beneficial both to ministry and people."

This is my text. Of its entire truthfulness, I have a most profound and happy conviction. I suppose, indeed, that the subject was given me under the rule—that a minister should practise what he preaches. It was imagined, I suppose, that, without self-reproach—or a fear of any one saying to me, Physician, heal thyself, I could expatiate on the advantages of a settled ministry. And although it might come with better grace from another, than from me, yet I may say to my juniors in the ministry—in whatsoever state you are, as Pastors, if it be at all decent and useful, therewith learn to be content. I set out in life with a generous confidence in my fellow-citizens and a fixed determination, that if ever I left a Church, the fault should not be mine. And I have to-day the sweet consciousness, that I have never swerved from that determination. Once only have I changed my pastoral relation, and were I to relate its history and cause, every person present would not only acquit me of blame, but say—"your course was commendable." Since that period, although I have had repeated calls, yet none of them have been, or could have been, loud enough to induce me to give them an hour's thought. My own people never knew of them, and in regard to one or two invitations, perhaps no one in this region, except one, whom I consult in everything, ever knew, that I was thus honored. I have been, Sir, thirty five years the happy pastor of a peaceful and not unprosperous Church, for whom and with whom, in the Paradise of Ministers, I hope to labor, until I receive my final discharge.

But not to obtrude myself on your notice, when all eyes are, and should be, directed to my venerable friend, and when all hearts present are swelling with joy—that he has continued with his people so long, let me just touch on the honor and benefits flowing from such a permanent connection.

It is honorable to the Pastor. There might indeed be no honor attached to the permanency of the Pastorate,—if as in olden times, under National establishments, or as a matter of course, every Minister was settled for life, without much regard either to character or to the manner of discharging his duties. Then he might perchance be a mere drone, and a burden to his people. His continuance might be a disgrace, rather than an honor to his office. But in these "moving times," when Ministers are not settled, during, even good behavior—but so long as they are popular and can attract crowds, or help perhaps to pay off the debts of a costly Meeting-house—"*in these moving times*," it is honorable to a Pastor to live and die with his people.

It is honorable to his public character, to his discretion in the pulpit—to his choice of subjects, to his manner of addressing his hearers—to his not meddling with topics that are inappropriate—it shows that he has not been a mere partizan—regardless of the opinions and feelings of those who differed from him on political subjects. And it is evidence that he has attended to his own appropriate duties—as a teacher of religion and morals. A permanent ministry, if at all a happy one, is also the most satisfactory testimonial of discretion in *private*, as well as in *public*. Many an able, upright and pious clergyman has lost all his beneficent influence, and been compelled to frequent changes, not from evil intentions but from indiscreet conversations. There has been no just discernment of time, or place, or persons. He has not known when, nor how, nor to whom, nor to what extent his remarks should be made. He who meant no harm has set a whole parish in a ferment, and has kindled a fire, which even his departure, abandonment and separation from it, could not extinguish.

The same might be said of the temper and general character of a Minister. He, who has retained his place, for fifty years—surrounded by a community, sensitive as to their equality and their rights—as is the case every where in our young Republic, looking out for equal attentions and jealous of neglect, must have been meek, and gentle, and patient, and obliging, towards all men. There must have been firmness of principle and irreproachableness of character, as well as amiableness of deportment—for an intelligent congregation will not be satisfied with smiles—nor soft and honied words—unless there be a conviction that these are allied to sincerity, honesty and truth-speaking. It is honorable to his humility in not seeking great or high positions—to his steadfastness, in not being given to change;—and to his contentedness, in not pining for some other one's lot, nor travelling round, to a more desirable fold.

Now if there be *one* Clergyman here, to whom these remarks will honorably apply, and I believe there is, let them be applied, and let him be honored. I see others around me, who are almost deserving of the same honor. They are far on their way towards it. May they live to complete their half-century settlement! If there be one to whom these remarks will apply—apply them. If not, not.

But I do not make these remarks, Sir, so much to praise either directly or indirectly the Minister, who has completed his 50th year of Pastoral labor, as to leave an impression on all the younger ministers present, that they will in vain sigh to be permanently settled, unless by habits of reflection, forethought, self-control, discretion, simplicity of purpose, affability of deportment, and zeal tempered with moderation, they labor perseveringly to deserve it.

I might say, it is honorable to a man's talents, in this age and region, in which there is a large amount of cultivated talent, that he remains permanently with his people. This is true. But permanency in the Ministry does not depend so much on great or brilliant talents, or distinguished scholarship, as on the moral and religious qualities of a Pastor. Common talents, conscientiously, benevolently, discreetly and piously consecrated to the moral and spiritual welfare of a congregation, seldom or never go unrewarded. Nay, they are more likely to secure a permanent pastoral relationship than talents of a higher and more splendid character.

And permit me to say, Mr. President, that the permanency of this relation is not only honorable to the Pastor, but to his People. It may be adduced as evidence that they "are not given to change." It may be taken as proof that their attachment to their Minister has not been impulsive, fickle, uncertain;—and that they have some just apprehensions of the sacredness of the relation into which they or their fathers entered.

The benefits of a permanent pastoral relationship are very great—every way. The very anticipation, that it is to be permanent, is productive of mutual good. If the connection is expected and hoped to be for life, there will be less haste and more caution in the choice of a pastor, and in his acceptance. There will be an inquiry, not merely what is he in the pulpit, but what are his social and pastoral habits. Nor will the minister, if he have any far-looking views into the future, determine on a settlement by one consideration—but by considering many things. He will ascertain, if possible, the condition, habits, tastes, virtues, and vices of the people—and his adaptation to their character and wants. This would come of adopting as the rule, "settlement for life"—transient and short settlements being the exception. And then these permanent settlements would modify the deportment of ministers and people, towards one another afterwards, as I believe, all for the better.

As in the marriage relation—knowing that they *must* be together until death—so if the ministerial relation were permanent, there would be more caution in the first choice, and considerate kindness and avoiding of offences, and forbearing one another in love afterwards. This is one of the few things in regard to which my opinion has changed. I once considered a ministerial settlement for life, one of the greatest of evils that could happen. I should now consider, a voluntary approach to it, one of the greatest blessings that could come upon the church.

It would be better for the minister. It would be the means of quickening and strengthening their minds. They would be incited—nay, compelled to be more studious—in order to bring things *new*, as well as *old*, from the store-house of God's truth.

And their people would be far more benefitted. They would feel that they had not a stranger or a spy, but a spiritual overseer, watching over their characters and pursuits, whose fortune, happiness and reputation, was linked with theirs.

Pastoral visits, pastoral cautions, suggestions, entreaties, persuasions and encouragements, known only perhaps to the Pastor and the individuals concerned, would serve to impart consolation to the afflicted, to give vigor to faith, to guard against evil, to incite to good, and to aid in the formation of a pure, upright and beautiful character, beyond any of the influences which fall upon a people, from those bright, and dazzling and stirring ministers, who appear and disappear with the irregularity of comets, or wandering stars.

One word more, Sir, and I will relieve your patience. I rejoice that there is one Church, and one Pastor, that has set so worthy an example of a connexion that has continued for fifty years.

Whatever arrangements as a Society you may hereafter make, I trust that the mild and benignant countenance of your Pastor may be with you to smile upon you for years to come, and that his tongue with words of wisdom and kindness may bless you. And may you so receive the truths of the blessed Gospel, and so exemplify their influence, that both Pastor and people may rejoice together, in the General Assembly of the Church of the first born.

When Dr. Sharp had concluded his remarks, a service of silver, which had been brought into the Hall, and placed in front of the presiding officer, was uncovered. This service consisted of one coffee-pot, two tea-pots, one milk pitcher, one sugar, one cream, and one bowl.

Mr. Griggs offered the following sentiment:

The Support of the Ministry in Massachusetts. Formerly *compulsory*, now *voluntary;* nothing has been lost, in the affections of the people for the clergy, by the change.

This sentiment introduced Mr. TIMOTHY C. LEEDS, who, in behalf of the donors of this service of silver, rose and presented it to Dr. Pierce in the following terms:

MR. PRESIDENT:—I am requested to appear before you this evening, as the organ of those, who wish to tender a tribute of respect to one, whose name is identified with the history of Brookline. I shall discharge my duty as briefly as possible, that I may give place to those who are better able to entertain this brilliant assembly by their genius and eloquence.

Permit me, therefore, in behalf of the donors, to make a presentatiou of this service of Plate, which is before us to *him*, whom this evening we delight to honor.

DOCT. PIERCE, Rev. and Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure, personally to perform the part assigned me on this occasion. As during the course of a long and eventful life you have scattered blessings around you, with a liberal hand, it must gratify your benevolent heart to see these blessings appreciated.

Your numerous friends are happy, that such an opportunity as this is afforded them to present to you a testimonial of the high esteem we entertain for your character.

For *fifty* years, the light of your countenance has shone upon this people. For *fifty* years, you have been their spiritual leader; and now on this fiftieth anniversary of your ministerial service, on this mount of *fifty* years' pastoral vigilance, they come up before you this evening in the fullness of their joy, and lay at your feet their spontaneous tribute of gratitude and esteem.

Allow me, then, Reverend Sir, in behalf of your Brookline friends and myself, gratefully to present to you this set of Silver Plate, which bears the following appropriate inscription.

Presented to
Rev. JOHN PIERCE, D. D.,
by his Brookline friends,
March 15, 1847.
Being the fiftieth anniversary
of his settlement in Brookline,
as a minister of the Gospel.

And, my dear Sir, in one of these vessels be pleased to find a number of pieces of gold coin.

To this visible offering we now add our hearty and united prayer, that the residue of your days may be crowned with health and happiness, and that the memory of your name may diffuse its grateful fragrance through succeeding generations.

To which Dr. Pierce, who had been standing during the address, replied, in substance, as follows.

MR. PRESIDENT,—Permit me, through you to express a lively sense of the gratitude, which I feel for this generous donation of plate, in the presentation of which such kind sentiments have been expressed, and such good wishes have been uttered. I beg my friend, who was the organ of presenting it, to accept my sincere thanks, and to tender the same to those, who united with him in this benevolent deed. Valuable as is the gift, it is much more highly estimated by me, as a token of affection, than from its solid intrinsic worth.

Experiencing such marks of attention and regard from so many different sources, I know of no more suitable return, than to offer the following sentiment.

Brookline, our "happy home; name ever dear" to its inhabitants, whose Churches and Pastors harmoniously unite in this semi-centennial celebration. May this occasion prove an omen of our future intercourse. May we ever walk together, where we can agree; and may we agree to differ, where we cannot conscientiously walk together. May no root of bitterness be ever suffered to vegetate in our prolific soil; and may our only strife be to provoke one another to love and to good works.

Mr. Griggs proposed the following.

The Ladies of Brookline—God bless them.

A little daughter of the Rev. Mr. Shailer now appeared upon the platform, and presented a bouquet of flowers in a silver vase on a silver salver to Dr. Pierce, addressing him, as follows.

HONORED SIR,—Though but a child, I have been taught to venerate age; especially if it be crowned with virtue. It therefore gives me great pleasure, to present to you this standard and vase, in behalf and at the request of several ladies, who are not immediately connected with your religious society.

They would have you accept it, as a token of friendship and esteem.

The ladies are aware, that when compared with other presents, which you have received, and particularly with the splendid one, with which you have been favored this evening, *this* is but a mere trifle. But you know, sir, that a gift of small value, may be a testimonial of as sincere respect, as warm affection, as deep veneration, as one of greater worth.

We prize a trifle, if it be the gift of a *friend*, and the ladies would have you estimate this by the friendship, of which it is a token And as it may hereafter stand upon your table, filled with the beautiful flowers, which a kind Providence has strewn so bountifully and lovingly around us—and which, alas! in their fading nature are such fit emblems of ourselves; may it serve to remind you not only of loved ones, who are destined to fade like those fading flowers, but of a world where friendships are pure and constant, where flowers ever bloom with vernal beauty, and mortals having put on immortality shall not grow old, but have eternal youth and vigor.

During the presentation of this bouquet, the slightest sound was hushed, there was breathless attention to what the little girl uttered, and a tear glistened in many an eye. It was indeed a most lovely scene—youth and old age side by side.

As soon as the little girl had finished her address, Dr. P. seized her with both hands, remarking that never before had he been so deeply impressed with the language of our Lord, when he declared—Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. His only regret was that the child's schoolmates could not be present and witness the scene. He had sometimes thought, that the parents had better remain, at home, and let the children come.

He gave this sentiment:

Our Youth—The hope of their friends and of their country. May they excel their parents and predecessors as much in learning and wisdom, as their advantages for acquiring them are superior to those of former times.

Mr. Griggs then submitted the annexed sentiment.

Brookline, though a small town, is unsurpassed for its physical, moral, and intellectual advantages.

The Rev. Mr. SHAILER, of the Baptist Church, responded to this sentiment. He was not born in Brookline—could only claim to be an adopted child; but when an *adopted* child spoke well of his parent, that parent must possess good qualities. He then followed the suggestions of the "sentiment," and made a neat and feeling address on the beauty, the intelligence and virtues which characterised Brookline. He closed with an amusing allusion to a toast once given by a politician, with reference to the vote thrown in a certain presidential election; this toast ran—"——— ——— a good State to emigrate from." Mr. S. would reverse the matter and give as his sentiment—"Brookline—a good town to *reside in*."

MRS. SHIRLEY then sang the song, the "Church of our Fathers."

Dr. Pierce gave the following.

The religious Societies in Brookline; their increase the result, not of division, but of multiplication.

Mr. Griggs submitted the following sentiment:

The Present Jubilee—As it has renewed the social compact, in this town, may its kindly influence be perpetuated, through all coming time.

To this sentiment the Rev. Mr. HAVEN responded. He said, that, not having selected a text for the occasion, he felt himself, in a measure, unprepared to address the assembly. If he were to select a text it would be, "I pray thee have me excused." He did not think, that a stranger, and he was a comparative stranger in Brookline, should have an active part in the festivities—little need be said in support of the joyous proceedings—their good effect must be self-evident—it requires no argument to prove, that the harmony and good feeling so strongly impressed on every countenance present, angurs well for the future. The Rev. gentleman's acquaintance with Dr. Pierce commenced in very early life, at the age of about four years, when the Dr. presented to him a Catechism, which he, in later years, studied at the Sabbath school and which was his first lesson in theology.

He would speak, as the representative of the children, who were indebted to the venerable man, for many presents, of a like character; his early recollections of him were of the most endearing nature. The schoolmaster had spoken of the African, who deemed his sum of existence to consist in a supply of dates. After the address of to-day from Dr. Pierce, it would not be necessary to visit another continent to obtain a supply of *dates*, as they were ready at hand, in the good town of Brookline. He reminded his friends, that they might never again be permitted to witness a similar hour of rejoicing.—The clergymen of the present day do not possess the vigor of constitution and the power so to enlist the good will and approbation of their churches, as did the clergy of the olden time.—He remarked, that the old age of the truly Christian pastor was beautifully illustrated in the life, history, and presence of the guest of the evening.

In response to a call for something relating to the theologians of Germany, Mr. SEARS, of Newton, said,

That, though by marriage one of those third cousins, whose connection with himself the venerable guest had

say, I have not seen the records.—I am here xpress the hearty good will of the old parish oxbury, for the new parish in Brookline,—is, for Dr. Pierce—for, as I understand matDr. Pierce is Brookline—and Brookline is Pierce. Gentleman may laugh—I should to know what Brookline would be without Pierce, or who is bold enough to call up an re of Brookline, of which the venerable Docloes not form a component part. The parin Roxbury, do heartily love the good old , and shower innumerable benedictions on noary head.

he following hymn was sung by the whole pany:

HYMN.

BY MRS. A. M. EDMONDS.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne.

O let us raise the joyful notes
In numbers loud and free,
Till through the air our music floats
A song of jubilee.
A song of jubilee, my friends,
A song of jubilee
Till through the air our music floats
A song of jubilee.

We sing no hero *now*, whose fame
On valor's list appears,
But softly breathe the honored name
Of *one* beloved for years.
Of one beloved for years, my friends,
Of one beloved for years,
Whose voice of hope hath often dried
The *mourner's* falling tears.

Let memory's finger gently raise
The mantle, time has cast
On other scenes, and other days,
Long numbered with the past;
For many a change hath come, my friends,
To hill, and vale, and glen,
Since time's swift wing has sped the rounds
Of *two score years and ten.*

Say, where are *they* once wont to tread
Life's pathway at his side?
Peace to the memory of the dead,
For some have drooped and died;
Peace to *their* memory, while, my friends,
We give the *living*, joy;
Whose hand yet firm, and heart still true,
Fulfil life's wise employ.

Thanks be to God, whose mercies cheer
Our paths with richest showers,
Whose hand had spared a life so dear,
And still is sparing ours.
O let our hearts adore, my friends,
With all their noblest powers,
The hand that spares *his* life so dear,
And still is sparing ours.

He needs no costly tributes paid
To prove him unforgot,
His *life* hath nobler record made,
We *know* he needs them not.
We know he needs them not, my friends,
We know he needs them not;
Enshrined within these hearts of ours
We know he needs them not.

And when his work on earth is done,
O may he sink to rest,
As calmly sinks the summer sun
Behind the crimson west;
That leaves a golden light, my friends,
To mark its way serene,
So may a life of virtue gild
His gently closing scene.

The next regular sentiment was:

The Massachusetts Historical Society—Which eserves the record of the settlement and *civiion* of this country by placing a *learned Sav*e at its head.

JAMES SAVAGE, the President of the Society, plied. He spoke briefly, directing the weight his remarks, against the traditions of the elrs, for which he entertained no very serious spect. When a story was told of the early story of our country, he would have people k, where does this story come from—is it tradion? If it came from Gov. Hutchinson, it ight be considered almost as true, as if the postle Luke related it. If it came from Gov. inthrop, it would prove indisputable truth. It as no longer ago than last week, that he sent the Plymouth Society, the bond (received by m from London) given by persons who came t in the Mayflower, for the preservation of x pieces of cannon, which were brought over the vessel—this bond ran that the cannon ould not be used offensively, or sold, in a forgn land. He stated, one of Her Majesty's icers assured him, that the use of the name the Mayflower, for a vessel, occurred for the st time, in English history, with that vessel hich brought the Pilgrim Fathers to this coun. He had been conversant with the names of ips for 300 years previous, to that time, and could not have overlooked so poetical a name, the Mayflower.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN next sang the song of "The Pilgrim Fathers."

The last regular sentiment, was:

The English Pulpit.

This sentiment called up the Rev. JOHN O. OULES. He said at that late hour of the evenag, he could not address the company upon e subject of the English pulpit; it would occupy too much time. He referred to the world's nvention, held in London last summer, and ntended, that it was a total failure to the prest meeting. He spoke of the land of his birth, d of the land of his adoption. In England the ligion is established by law; in this country is established by the affections of the people. e said that he must respect tradition, when he w before him one old man who could speak r one fifth of our country's history. He iefly referred to the restless spirit of the age, d the supernatural excitement, which pervaded e minds of men.

He also spoke of the Rev. WM. JAY, of Bath, ngland, whose jubilee was celebrated not long ce. He once asked him, while on a visit to s house, what was the secret of his long conction with his society? The old man replied, at much was to be ascribed to his people. ney were the kindest in the world; they never ared that they could injure their Pastor with ndness; he never made a journey, but what, on his return, he found some present in his use. When he lost old friends, he formed w; when the fathers had departed, he took e children. And, said Mr. C., I find that the gentleman has carried out his doctrine to the llest extent. Not long since, he lost his wife, d at the age of 76, he married a young one. e said that Mr. Jay contended that one need t grow old. Mr. Choules concluded with the llowing:—

The religious societies of Brookline, and their loved Pastors—May they live in love, die in ace, and meet in Heaven.

The following resolution was offered by the v. Mr. SHAILER, and adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That we return our thanks to Rev. . Pierce for the interesting address which he s delivered to-day to the citizens of this town, d that he be respectfully requested to furnish copy of the same for publication.

The following volunteer sentiments were offered:

By T. C. LEEDS. The Lady of our guest, om we this evening delight to honor.

By Rev. Dr. PIERCE. *Our Consul at London*—An honor to his native town, our universi, and our country.

By Rev. Dr. SNELL. Having obtained help God, I remain to this day.

At this time, 10 1-4 o'clock, we left the hall, t the company adjourned soon afterwards, havg passed a most delightful evening.

Thus ended the "Jubilee"—an occasion never be forgotten by those who were permitted to joy it. It was rich in suggestions, on some which we should be glad, had we room to ell. It was bright and glowing with the e, honor, reverence, which rewarded a temrate, beautiful, Christian life. It had among chief beauties the cordial, spontaneous union those of different religious opinions, in giving rnest expression to their affection and esteem—the excellent and venerable man who has en unwilling to wear any other name than that Christian, and who belonging to no *sect*, has joyed the confidence and won the respect of all who know him, in every denomination. May the light of love that so crowned his "Jubilee" remain unclouded, till he is permitted to rejoice in the heavenly light of a better world.

N. B. The flowers on the guests' table were furnished, as a gift to Dr. Pierce, by Mr. J. L. L. F. Warren of Brighton: those in the silver-vase came from the green-house of Col. Perkins. The silver-tea service was a present from friends of the pastor's society: the vase, &c., was a donation from the ladies of the Baptist and Harvard Societies. In reply to invitations to attend the Celebration, very interesting letters were received from Timothy M. Cooley, DD., of Granville, Mass., John Fiske, DD., of New-Braintree, Mass., (two of the three only seniors of Dr. Pierce, having sole charge of their parishes.) President Everett, Dr. Lowell, Ex-President Allen, Rev. F. H. Hedge of Bangor, Me: but owing to want of time these letters were not read.

For several of the reports of the speeches in the above account we are indebted to the Mercantile Journal.

RABBINICAL WRITINGS.

We commence to-day, a series of papers on the Rabbinical writings, to which we would call the attention of those curious in Biblical studies. These articles are evidently the result of careful and extended research, and bring forward some points which will probably be new to most of our readers. To us they are particularly interesting, on account of the light they throw on much of the imagery employed in the epistle to the Hebrews and the book of Revelations, although in a series of short articles like these, little more can be effected than to indicate what might be done by a more minute application of principles and pictures borrowed from the Rabbinical writings. These studies must be curious also when considered in relation to the views of Swedenborg.

For the Register.

THE RABBINICAL WRITINGS.

NO. I.

If those who are desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the New Testament, would turn their attention more to the writings of the ancient Jewish Rabbins than they now do, many difficult passages would be explained, and many allusions, otherwise unintelligible, would be rendered clear and satisfactory. The Hebrew language is thought, and perhaps justly, to be of less importance to a right understanding of the Scriptures, than the Latin and Greek. Certainly no one can understand the New Testament, and especially the Epistles, without understanding the language in which it is written. I would say nothing to undervalue the classics to the student of Divinity; but, on the contrary, would urge him to a more thorough acquaintance with these languages, as the best means of comprehending the sacred volume, and of interpreting it to others. But it seems to me that less attention has been paid to the Jewish writers than they deserve. Few, even if they understand the Hebrew language sufficiently well, would have the leisure or the opportunity to read the confused mass of idle stories, mystical interpretations, and foolish reasonings to be found in the writings of the Rabbins. Yet a moment's reflection must convince us that their habits of *thought*, their traditions, and even their strange and mystical interpretations of Scripture, become important when traces of them are to be found in the form of allusion or otherwise in the New Testament.

The Rabbins alone were the authorised teachers of the Jewish nation. Their teachings and traditions were received and reverenced as of equal, and, in many cases, of superior authority to the Sacred Scriptures themselves. They controlled the public sentiment. They gave direction to thought. They instructed the young in the doctrines of religion and morals. Many a young man sat like Paul, at the feet of his Gamaliel, to catch, with unsuspecting confidence, every word that dropped from his lips; and, at the proper age, was sent into the world to breathe out threatenings of fire and sword against all who have the temerity to doubt the infallibility of his guide. To the Rabbins were referred for decision all questions of conscience, of ceremony, of sacred law, and of jurisprudence.—They were looked up to as beings of superior sanctity and wisdom. They taught in the synagogues and prayed in corners of the streets.—After the degradation of the priesthood under the Romans, the fear, the love, the reverence of the people, were all more or less concentrated in their persons. Can we doubt, then, that they would make their influence felt? Can we doubt that they would impress their peculiar views of duty, of morals, and of religion, of life, of death, and especially of the future world on which there is so much room for the exercise of the imagination, on the Jewish people? Can we doubt that their modes of thought would become the nation's mode of thinking, and their views, in substance, those of the people?

The writers of the New Testament were Jews, and were educated as Jews, with all their sublime views of God, and with all their sectional and national prejudices. The deep impressions of early life, were, in their minds, a strong barrier against the reception of the simple truths of Christianity. Doctrines which had been imbibed with their mother's milk, and with which, from repetition, the very air of Judea had become resonant, could not be easily eradicated from minds, which like those of the Jews, clung with peculiar tenacity to their own impressions. These Jewish opinions had so mingled with the thoughts and feelings of the disciples, as to become a part of their very life. We accordingly see their slow comprehension of the Christian doctrines, and their constant misunderstanding of the Savior's language. Hence he says to them, "I have many things to tell you, but you cannot bear them now." And afterwards, when their minds were more enlightened, and they were filled with the sublime truths of the religion, which they had been called to preach, they sought to illustrate and enforce its doctrines upon others, by recurring to those images and arguments with which their thoughts had been familiar from early life. Indications of this, more or less distinct, are to be found throughout the New Testament, but they are no where so evident or so numerous as in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and in the Revelations. Without a knowledge of these Rabbinical opinions, it is utterly impossible to understand the argument of the first, or many of the sublimest images of the last.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews, the whole force of the reasoning turns on what may not improperly be called the Jewish mythology. Use is here made of what the logicians call the argumentum ad hominem; that is, the writer reasons with the Jews or Hebrews on their own ground. And he shows himself thoroughly acquainted with the opinions and doctrines of the Rabbins, and skilfully employs his knowledge to prove the superior antiquity and dignity of the Christian over the Jewish dispensation.

If then we find these frequent traces of Rabbinical thought and opinion in the New Testament, should not the Jewish writings be more thoroughly and systematically studied by students of theology, than has hitherto been usual! Lightfoot and Schoetgen have made the labor comparatively light. They have gleaned all that is valuable in this field, and presented it to the world in a form which renders it accessible to every classical student. We thank them for their unwearied, and, we trust, not unrequited labor. Every student of Divinity should be urged to study their works in connexion with the critical study of the New Testament. As he studies Greek to become better acquainted with the force and meaning of the language of Scripture; so should he study these works, the better to comprehend the minds of the New Testament writers, and the mode in which they had been taught to view various subjects connected with religion, and to understand their allusions made by them to Jewish ideas and opinions, then well understood because familiar, now so obscure and perplexing. Let him study them that he may be able to distinguish clearly between an illustration and a fact, between a Jewish opinion and Christian truth.

N. H. M.

For the Register.

ON THE TRINITY.

I am not learned in the forms this doctrine has had, and therefore will not pretend to defend against adversaries any of the schools of those who have believed it. But I have only something to say of the doctrine in itself, and of a ground I think I find for it in certain just and natural reflections.

In the discussions of the subject, I am struck with this, that the writers of our side put the others so much in the wrong, that it is a wonder how they can find apology or excuse for such error. And on the other hand I am impressed not only with the piety, but with the sense and clearness of some of the professors of the doctrine into whose company I have fallen.

What I remark then in the doctrine of the Trinity, is, that it is based on the notion of the Unity of God (a thing indeed it always claims), and that the threefoldness is not properly in the doctrine, but in the observed fact. The fact of which I speak is first God, the primal Creator, whose existence above the world and eternal self-subsistence is not disputed by any sect; next the divine power which in Christ redeemed the world; and thirdly the invisible divine help which comes to us in secret, neither of which is expressly denied, so far as I know by any description of Christians whatever. The doctrine of the Trinity predicates the unity of all these three, will maintain that God acts fully in each of them, that neither is any less divine than the other, and that we have in each the assurance of the whole. And in this I confess I cannot see anything unreasonable.

This I understand to be the practical ground of the Trinity, that which remains when all philosophy is removed from it; and in this form it is hardly matter of controversy. The controversy has arisen on the theory of it, which it is natural that the thoughts of speculative minds should be engaged on, but which is evidently quite beyond our comprehension. I would not find fault with a man for having a theory of the foundation of the doctrine in the divine nature, but I would find fault with him for setting up the theory as part of religion, and demanding dogmatically my assent to it.

The true opponents of the Trinity are, in the first place, Socinians, who believe in God and in his spirit, but who do not believe in any divinity in Jesus Christ other than that of his inspiration. In opposition to these the doctrine asserts that there was an innate divineness in Christ, that he was not only inspired, but raised up, to be our Redeemer, and from his cradle endowed with all the power for it. And whether this be true or not, I cannot see that it is unreasonable

In the second place, the Trinity finds actual opponents in such as deny the spirit, who admit the Father and the divinely natured Son, but imagine that the world being so created and so redeemed, is then left, that there is no personal Comforter and that when we pray, we pray in order to elevate *ourselves*. The doctrine asserts on the contrary that throughout the whole moral universe the Holy Spirit is present, and that his office is to penetrate the heart and make it Christ-like. This may be untrue; but I see nothing absurb in this circumstance of the doctrine.

In the third place, the Trinity finds a real opponent in the Pantheist, by which I mean in this relation, one who believes that there is in the world a divine power which rose up personally in Christ, and that there is also a spirit which the good receive, but who does not believe that there is a self-subsistent Creator out of whom the scheme of things arose. Against such a view, the doctrine maintains that the Father was before all worlds and dwells eternally with the Son and with the Spirit; in which, though it may not be sound, I can find nothing ridiculous.

So Luther stated it. "I believe in the Creator that made me, in the Redeemer that saved me, and in the Holy Spirit, that sanctifies me." And I confess although it may seem to you superstitious, I cannot withhold my assent to that profession. As a matter of mere thought, I allow, it is of no importance, but as matter of practical faith I cannot but deem it worthy to be considered and to be received.

DISCIPULUS.

At a meeting of the members of the Cambridge Theological School, held on Monday, March 15, in consequence of receiving intelligence of the death of one of their number, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the news of the death of our friend and fellow student, Francis William Greenwood, is to us as saddening as it is unexpected.

Resolved, That while we bow to the will of God,—and while we feel (looking at the strength and purity of his life and the singular beauty of his death) that for him to die was gain;—we yet cannot but become mourners when we think of the loss brought to his immediate family, to ourselves, and to the Christian Ministry for which he was preparing.

Resolved, That we offer to those nearer him than we were, our deep and true sympathy in this great bereavement; and that we assure those who knew him less than we, that they are not aware how much of excellence and usefulness the world has lost in him.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be signed by a Committee consisting of one from each class and inserted in the "Christian Register" and "Christian World."

T. W. HIGGINSON, S. W. BUSH, EDWARD P. BOND. } *Committee of the School.*

*** We would call attention to the notice in another column in regard to the dedication of "the Mariner's House." Everything that tends to benefit the sailor, should excite deep interest and receive ready aid: for who is not for daily comforts and luxuries, the sailor's debtor. Let this future "*home*" of the seaman, be dedicated by the presence of many warm hearts.

☞ The account of the Jubilee at Brookline has necessarily excluded several articles. Among those omitted is a notice of the exceedingly manly, Christian and beautiful sermon preached by Rev. Joseph H. Allen on closing his ministry at Jamaica Plains. This notice will appear next week.

*** Dr. Lamson of Dedham has received an unanimous call from the Unitarian Church, East Cambridge. Dr. L. has sent in the resignation of his office as Pastor of the First Church, Dedham, on which, however, as we understand there has been no action.

*** The House erected by the Lee street Church will be dedicated on Thursday next, March 25th. Services to commence at seven o'clock.

☞ Extra copies containing the account of the Celebration can be had at this Office.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. Senator Benton has declined being a Major General, because he cannot have Scott and Taylor recalled, and be chief in command.—The Democrats have recovered political possession of New Hampshire.

COLLEGES. We understand that the very handsome sum of $50,000 has been raised during the past year, by private subscriptions, in aid of the *University of Vermont* at Burlington. Of this amount there was subscribed

In Boston, Hartford and Northampton	$3,805
In New York city	2,106
In Vermont, adjacent N. Y. and Canada	44,089
	$50,000

Of the amount raised in Vermont, the sum of $19,000 was raised in Burlington, a town with but little more than 5,000 inhabitants! These facts indicate, at least, the high estimation in which the institution is held by those who have the best opportunities of understanding its character, and who are to be most immediately affected by the influences which it sends forth from year to year. We have good reason to believe that this estimate is in no respect unwarranted. The University has an able body of professors, one of the very best positions for doing good in the United States, a course of study more methodical and wider in its scope than that of any similar institution within our knowledge, and a library which the Hon. George P. Marsh on the floor of Congress has pronounced to be superior to any other of the same size in the United States. Its real estate and other property amounts to about $100,000; and the liberal aid which has just been extended to it, will enable its directors to carry it forward with a bolder step and still more energy, in the path it has so steadily and successfully pursued.

We cannot avoid here recurring to the remarks which we made a few days since, concerning the needless and injurious *multiplication* of Colleges, which is becoming habitual, and which, we cannot help thinking, retards greatly the progress of sound and thorough education in this country. The State of Vermont, for instance, as this subscription shows, has the ability and the disposition to support and build up *one good College:* and if all the energy and resources of the State could be concentrated upon one institution, it could be made an honor to the State and of transcendent service to the best interests of society. But there are two or three Colleges in the State, and that is more than the State can properly sustain. Whenever one appeals for aid, the others follow the example:—the rivalry begets more or less hostility.—and thus the generosity of the public is embarrassed, and ultimately thwarted. Each obtains just enough public favor to live along from year to year, in the hope of doing better some future day: and so none of them can be made what they ought to be.

It seems to us indispensable in order to build up the colleges and higher institutions of the country, that their numbers should be diminished, or at all events not increased. Wherever it can be done, they should be *condensed;*—two or more should unite their resources and labor together as one, for the common end at which they all aim. Whether the tendency to their increase can or will be checked, seems very doubtful;—but if it is not, they must continue to be less respectable and less influential than they ought to be. [N. Y. Courier.

There is good sense in the above.

RELIEF FOR IRELAND. At a meeting of the committee for the relief of Ireland and Scotland, the chairman, Mr. Quincy, submitted a letter from Mr. R. B. Forbes, with the documents accompanying it, showing that the government of the United States have placed at the disposal of that gentleman, the United states sloop-of-war Jamestown, for the purpose of carrying relief to Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Forbes asks the committee to give him authority to man and victual the ship out of the funds in their hands, assuring them that the money shall be economically expended, and furnishing an estimate of the probable expenses of the trip.

The commitee passed the following votes upon the subject:—

Voted, That the Committee accept the offer of Captain Robert B. Forbes, to convey the donations of the city to Ireland, in the United States ship Jamestown.

Voted, That the Chairman be authorized to draw upon the treasurer for any funds that may be necessary for manning and maintaining the ship.

Voted, That the pastors in the several churches in the city be requested to take up a contribution, on Sunday the 21st inst., for the purpose of defraying her expenses, and of enabling all classes of Christians to contribute towards sending out a ship of war on a mission of mercy.

A LEAP. The greatest leap we have recently heard of, was related to us on Saturday. A bullock, weighing about 1000 pounds, was driven into the "bull ring" on the third story of Mr. Wilson's slaughter house on Deer creek—which building, it will be recollected, is situated on the hill side, thus making the front three stories higher than the rear; but while preparations were making to offer him a sacrifice to the butcher knife, he made a bold push for the front window, and bolted straight through it. He turned a complete somerset, and landed upon a lot of barrelled lard, bursting two of the barrels, but was promptly on his feet, and at once attacked a man who was near, who, however, made his escape. He then started off, and after a race of two or three miles, running over a child, and committing sundry other misdemeanors, more or less endangering the lives of citizens, was finally captured at the public landing, and taken back to the slaughter house.—When last heard of, he was in a state of *suspense.*

[Cincinnati Atlas.

☞ REV. CHARLES SPEAR will deliver a Sermon in the Unitarian Church in Stow next Sabbath afternoon, third Sabbath in March. mh20

☞ REV. J. H. SPEAR will discourse in the Universalist Church in Salem, on the Proper Treatment of the Criminal, next Sunday, 3d Sunday in March.

☞ The Treasurer of the Evangelical Missionary Society acknowledges the receipt of Fifty Dollars from the Ladies in Rev Mr Peabody's Society, Portsmouth, N. H. mh20

☞ MARINER'S HOME, NORTH SQUARE. The Mariner's Home, erected by the Boston Port Society, and occupied by the Seamen's Aid Society, will be dedicated with suitable religious exercises on Wednesday next, March 24th, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Subscribers to the Seamen's Aid Society, and Boston Port Society, and friends of Seamen generally are invited to attend.

The House will be open for the reception of visiters during the day. mh20

☞ BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY. The Directors of this Society acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude the receipt from some generous, but unknown benefactor, of a large box, containing between two and three hundred volumes of Brooks's Prayers, for distribution by our Ministers at Large, Pastors, Missionaries and Agents wheresoever they will be received with favor, and be the means of doing good by acceptance and use.

This donation was a timely one as the calls upon their Depository of late have been rapidly increasing, and their funds in like proportion decreasing until they are now exhausted. The Directors take this occasion to apprise their annual subscribers that their bills, which, on account of circumstances have been pretermitted for a few years past, will now be presented by their Collector for the amount of *a single year*,—and they express the hope that in view of the present wants of the Society, that these will be met cheerfully and promptly. To these bills will be appended an article from the Constitution on the subject of Life Membership, by which it will be seen that any person wishing to redeem the past or to anticipate the future, can, by the payment of Ten Dollars, become a Life Member. By such aid the Directors could extend the usefulness of the Society almost indefinitely.

*** Depository at Simpkins's Bookstore, 94 Washington street. mh20

MARRIAGES.

In Providence, 6th inst, Nicholas R. Gardiner, Esq. in his 79th year, to Mrs Abigail Atwood, in her 66th year, being his fifth wife. There were present, his children, grandchildren, and greatgrandchildren.

In Lynn, Mr Robert M. Hamlin to Miss Lucy M. Shackford.

In Rowley, Mr Asa W. Sargent to Miss Martha A. Webster.

In Nashua, N. H., Mr Charles F. Trask of Boston to Miss Ann P. Everdean, of N.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Friday evening, 12th, (suddenly) Caroline Andre, 39 years.

14th inst., Archibald Hill, Esq., for many years wharfinger and clerk of Liverpool Wharf Corporation, 64

In Pembroke, 6th inst, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of the late Nathl. Smith, Esq. of P., and eldest daughter of Moses B. Bass, late of Boston.

In Leominster, 11th inst, Laurena M., oldest daughter of Sumner L. Carter, 12 yrs and 11 mos.

MISS L. DORSEY,
513 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
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New Shawls, Silks, DeLaines, Bareges, Balzorines, Grenadines, French Jaconets, Lawns, Organdies, Brillianttines, Muslins, Ginghams, Silk Plaids, Calicoes, in new designs, &c.

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Best Black Bombazines, Alpaccas, Black Mourning Silks, Bareges, Grenadines, Plaid Balzorines, Lawns, DeLaines, Marquises, Crapes, Veils, Crape Lisse, Lining Silks, Gloves, Stockings, &c.
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Table Cloths, all sizes; superior styles of Irish Linen, Damask Table Linen, Napkins, Doylies, Linen Sheetings, Pillow Case Linens, Diaper, Huckaback, Towelings, Birds Eye Diaper, Marseilles and Toilet Counterpanes, all sizes; Embossed Piano and Table Covers, American and British Shirtings, Sheetings, Long Cloths, 3-4, 7-8, 4-4, 5-4, 10-4 and 12-4 wide, bleached and brown, of the best styles manufactured, &c. Many of our most prominent articles will be advertised in the papers of the day as we continue to receive them, and we most respectfully invite all purchasers of Rich and Fashionable Goods, as well as of the more common and useful Articles, to visit our Store, where they may be assured of receiving the most respectful attention, and finding the best of Goods at the VERY LOWEST PRICES!
mh20—ieop4w HASKELL & HOWLAND.

BROOKFIELD FAMILY SCHOOL. This Juvenile Institute is now completing its fourth year, and, thus far, has been liberally sustained without the aid of notice in the public journals. And this insertion is rather intended as an expression of thanks due to former patrons, especially in the city of Boston. It would gratify the Principal to relieve from an agency which many of them have kindly proffered and to whose protracted interest, the school owes much of its early success.

South Brookfield is on the Western Railroad, eighteen miles from Worcester. Parents desiring to visit their children, can leave Boston in the morning, dine at Brookfield, spend several hours and return to Boston on the same day. The School year has two terms. The first commences on the first Wednesday in May, and the second on the first Wednesday in November. The school was projected especially for young ladies, and, with one or two exceptions, has never received those who were over twelve years of age, though they frequently remain beyond this period, when they enter earlier. The Principal has increasing evidence of the value of this regulation; and it meets with the cordial approbation of patrons.

Gentlemen in Boston, desiring references, may inquire of present and former patrons, among whom are John Homans, M. D., Samuel Johnson, Esq., George B. Blake, Esq., George Howe, Esq., N. H. Emmons, Esq., and Philip Greely, Jr. Circulars of minute information will be promptly forwarded to those who may apply for more particulars.

TERMS, $100 per year, payment in advance, at the commencement of each term.
W. A. NICHOLS.
Brookfield, March 20, 1847. eop6w

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE!

FREDERICK A. GUSHEE, (late a Salesman at Darwin Chaffin's,) has taken the new Granite Store, 263 Washington St., third door north of Winter st., where may be found the RICHEST and BEST assortment of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS in the city.

He has made arrangements to receive from Paris the best and newest style of CRAVATS, SCARFS, &c., as soon as they are cut out, and will receive by the English Steamers many desirable Goods every fortnight through the Spring, Summer and Autumn. He respectfully requests his friends and the public to visit his store, where they will be attentively received, and his Goods shown with much pleasure.
Rooms to let over the Store. 1stf mh 20.

JOHN MILTON'S LAST THOUGHTS ON THE TRINITY, Extracted from his posthumous work entitled "A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone." Lately published by Royal command. Being Tract of the A. U. A. No 236, for March; price 6 cents.
CROSBY & NICHOLS, Publishers for the A. U. A. 118 Washington st. mh20

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No 149, 12½ Cents.—A Truly Glorious Example, Brig Somers; The British Navy, how to man it; Spanish Prospects and Pretenders; Ruin of the Country by Repeal of the Corn Laws; Circumstance; Thomas Hood; Bancroft's History of the United States; Man and the Megatherium; Bread upon the Waters; The Doctor's Family; Statesmen of America in 1846; The Heroic Wife; with Poetry, Scraps, &c.
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THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No CXL, for March, 1847. Edited by Rev Drs Lamson and Gannett.
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Art 1. Moral Influence of War;
2. Man's Enmity to God;
3. Conclusion of Plato's Georgias;
4. Writings of George Sand.
5. Clough's Select Works;
6. Peabody's Sermons on Consolation;
7. Poetry and Imagination;
8. Critical Remarks on the Accounts of the Transfiguration;
9. Poetical Contributions;
10. Morell's History

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

On a lone, barren heath as I wandered one day,
I passed by the spot where a murderer lay;—
The Genius of horror had marked it his own,
And Felon was written on field and on stone.

Not a flower grew there:—not a sunbeam that day
Smiled a welcome athwart the bare, rugged way;—
The wind whistled bleak, and the terrors of gloom
Hovered solemn and dark o'er the murderer's tomb.

I looked where the toad low-crouched in his bed
All lonely and still kept his watch o'er the dead;
While low on my ear from the far distant fell,
Came booming along the death-tolling knell.

With fear-hurried steps I quickly went by:—
But the thought of that grave—it ever stays nigh;
And when malice and hate within me arise,
I think of the spot where the murderer lies. W. V.

PRAYER.

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed
The wise men gathered, gazing gravely—
"Daughter of God!" the youngest said,
"Endure thy Father's chastening bravely;
They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside,
Though not reproachfully or sadly;
"Daughter of God!" the eldest cried,
"Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly,
They who have learned to pray aright
From pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then spoke she out—"Your words are fair,
But oh! the truth is deeper still;
I know not when absorbed in prayer
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill;
They who God's face can understand
Feel not the motions of His hand." [Milnes.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song
Sucks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness ever prest
Within the poison chalice. Thus if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet,
In the wide garden of Humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.
[Anne C. Lynch.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAW OF OPINION.
A TALE.

BY GORGIANA C. MUNRO.

It was the last day of the assizes in a country town, and a man sat on the wayside a few miles distant from that town, his chin resting on both hands, his elbows on his knees, his gaze fixed on the ground, and his whole air betokening the extreme of despondency or sullenness. Perhaps of both; for though he was young, scarce two and twenty, there was a deep gloom on his brow, which might be referred to either feeling, and a lurid gloom was in the downcast eyes, while his cheeks were pale and sunken, through anguish of mind, not want or illness. His entire worldly possessions were contained in the small bundle lying beside him, tied up in a handkerchief. Truly all his possessions, for he had neither good character nor friends. At those assizes just terminating, he had been arraigned for murder—the murder of his dearest friend, the ascribed motive being the appropriation of a trifling sum belonging to the deceased. There was a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against him, but a connecting link was wanting, and he was found "Not guilty:" a Scottish jury would have said "Not proven;" but no such middle course being allowed in England, the result was an acquittal. But what an acquittal! No hand was extended in friendly greeting; no voice welcomed him back to liberty; no eye looked kindly on him. He was restored to all the privileges of a free-born Englishman; but he was an outcast from the society of his countrymen. The law pronounced him innocent; but the public voice proclaimed him guilty, and renounced his fellowship. On being recognized that morning, he had been dismissed with insult from the miserable lodging whither he had betaken himself the previous evening. He had been reviled, hooted, and pelted beyond the outskirts of the town, and only saved from personal injury by the interference of the officers of that law it was assumed he had offended; and his spirit was chafed and his feelings wounded by the contumely with which he had been treated.

How long he had been there he could not have told: the shadows might have moved, but he marked them not—all was shadow now to him; while the flight of time was unevidenced by any diminution of the weariness of body or lassitude of mind which had bade him pause there to rest. There were footsteps along the road, and voices approaching, but he did not look up; at that moment he seemed not to care who the passers by might be. Suddenly one near to him pronounced his name and the crime for which he had been tried, coupled with opprobrious and insulting epithets. He started to his feet with his bundle in his hand, and looked wildly round him. Several lads were gathered in a semicircle, and one of their number having just proclaimed his identity with the object of universal detestation, they were gazing on him with looks of mingled aversion and curiosity. "Stand back, all of you!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, in a threatening tone, indignant at being stared at in that manner, like a wild beast.

They retreated a few yards; then, emboldened by distance and numbers, began to taunt and upbraid him with the death of his friend, and with many a degrading thought and evil passion which had never entered his heart nor his imagination, until stung to madness by their provocations, he raised a large stone which lay at his feet, though more with the intention of dispersing his tormentors than of injuring any one of them. A shout of defiance from the young ruffians strengthened his purpose, and already the missile was poised in his hand, when a voice seemed to echo that hated word "murder," but in warning, in his ear; then recalled in an instant to himself, he repulsed the temptation of revenge, cast the stone to the ground, and springing over the hedge, amidst a yell of exultation from the youthful champions of justice, bounded away across the country, over fence and ditch and field, in his headlong flight towards his home.

Home! What a world of meaning is conveyed by that single word! What does it not imply of hope and gladness, of sweetest memories, strong affections, and pure and stingless pleasures. And shunned and miserable as he was, even that unhappy being had a home, where dwelt those who were very dear unto his heart. But how might they receive him! The doubt had inflicted greater agony on his spirit than the bitterest taunts of his most savage persecutors. It was dusk when he entered his native village, and involuntarily he slunk along with a stealthy step, lest the sound of his foot might awaken animosity. Many weeks had elapsed since he was there last, and though all was still the same, it looked different to him. There were the same cottages with their low quaint fences, and walls draperied with honeysuckle and roses; but as he passed they seemed to frown on him somewhat of the abhorrence with which the once kindly tenants now would meet him. The village church, built on a rising ground, was soon observable, looking shadowy and spectre-like amid the gloom; and he remembered his childish awe, in years gone by, at the thought that he should one day be placed beneath the green turf which girt it round—now he would that he had been laid there then. There, too, was the blacksmith's shed, where he had so often loitered in idle hours; some work still detained the blacksmith at his anvil, and it was surrounded by loungers, talking eagerly—alas! he could but too well guess the subject of their conversation! A little shop with oranges, eggs, cakes, bull's eyes, and such kinds of sweetmeats, in the window stood near: it was his mother's—he had not seen her since his arrest, and he knew that she had been very ill during the interval—ill through distress at the charge brought against him. Long ere this she would have known of his release: would she, could she, too, share in the general aversion he had excited?

With a faltering step he entered beneath the humble roof—the shop was empty, and he passed onward to the open door, which led into the inner room. At the sound of his footstep, a girl, who had sat crouching on a low stool beside the fire, rose and came forward, and on seeing him, flung herself into his arms, and burst into tears. She was his sister, his only one, and they had been a great deal to each other; yet as he kissed her cheek, he almost fancied she shrunk from the caress. He released her from his embrace, and approached his mother, who, ghastly pale and looking, as she was, heartbroken, sat motionless as a statue in the ancient high-backed chair, which his grandmother used to occupy of old. Her countenance was so rigid, her form so death-like, that he dared not, as he could have wished, fall upon her neck, but he knelt down at her feet as he used to do as a child, when she would teach him those prayers he had too frequently omitted of later years. The poor woman laid a hand on either shoulder, and looked into his face. "Thank God, you have come back!" said she in a low voice—"thank God that you are safe! But, oh that I should ever have lived to see this day!"

"Mother, mother!" said the wretched man, hoarsely, "I am innocent—I am innocent of shedding blood, as when I lay an infant in your arms! Mother, say you do not think me guilty!"

"I hope you are not, Richard," replied the mother. "God only knows how earnestly I hope you are not."

And this was Richard Drewatt's welcome home, after all his sorrow, his sufferings, and his danger, and by those who loved him better than did any one else on earth. But the curse of imputed crime was upon him; and even his nearest and dearest could not feel towards him as of old. They were kind to him, however, and strove hard that he should perceive no difference in their mode of treating him; though, notwithstanding all their efforts, scarcely a minute passed without some involuntary betrayal of the change. For some days he remained quiet without stirring abroad; he was indeed, unfit for looking after anything. But while keeping still as death in the little room over the shop, the kindly-meant, but often ill-judged, remarks of the occasional customers—from whom his arrival was attempted to be concealed—reached his ears, telling him in what estimation he was held by former friends.

The village stood within two miles of a large town, whither he at length proceeded one morning in quest of employment, having stolen from his mother's dwelling before daybreak, like a thief escaping from prison, and gained the open country ere any of the neigbors were awake.—Near the entrance to the town was the shop where he had learned and wrought at his trade of cabinet maker, and he called there first, not with any expectations of success; for though his former master had given him a good character on his trial, he had not shown him any kindness afterwards; but Richard had nerved his mind to the effort to stem the tide of persecution, and assumed that, being acquitted, he must necessarily be considered innocent. But to his application, the master answered coldly that his place was fill up, and no more hands were at present needed. He went to another, and yet another, until he had been at every shop of the description in the town, but with equally bad success; in each establishment there was some one that knew him, and his application was cut short at once. The last of the number belonged to the former foreman of his old master, and his refusal of employment, though as decided, was more kindly worded than most others.—Drewatt turned to go away, and yet he hesitated. "It is this unfortunate story against me prevents your taking me on," said he, at length. "Surely, sir, you cannot believe that I am guilty?"

"I do not myself," was the reply; "but I am sorry to say there is a feeling against you, and my men would not let you work with them."

Sad, and sick at heart, Richard stole back to his mother's house in the dim twilight. How different it was in former times, when from that very town which now rejected his proffered labor, he used to return every evening, tired perhaps with his work, but gay and happy, and to a home indeed made blessed by affection and innocent and spontaneous merriment. Now they were forced and very mournful smiles which greeted him; and he had scarcely voice enough to reveal his disappointments, expected though they had been.

On the following morning he set forth again, on a similar errand, to another town, about twelve miles distant from the village. But the same ill-fortune still attended him; some really had no vacancy for workmen, some looked suspiciously at him—for his description had gone the round of all the papers—and then declined engaging him. One person there was, evidently inclined to give him work, who asked his name, looked queer on hearing it, and inquired if he had not been till lately in the employ of Mr. Dunn at C. Richard replied in the affirmative, and was told there was no employment for him there.

Yet more dejected than before, the unfortunate man retraced his steps, resolving without further loss of time to quit the village perhaps for ever, to prosecute at a greater distance from the scene of his rebuffs and insults, his search of an opportunity to earn his subsistence honestly, by the labor of his hands. His immediate removal was indeed requsite; for the fact of his presence began to be whispered abroad, and people were growing chary of sending their children to the shop, where a reputed murderer might be encountered, and were not over-ready to come themselves. And this shop being now the widow's sole support, loss of custom would be too ruinous to be lightly hazarded. Were we giving the rein to *invention*, we might have sought to work upon the reader's feelings by depicting such loss of custom as being the immediate consequence of the general feeling against Richard. But we are relating a plain unvarnished tale; and in this instance the worthy villagers did not thus visit the presumed misdeeds of the son upon his unoffending parent; though the school which Kate formerly kept had inevitably to be discontinued.

[To be continued.]

The scraps that follow are from that very entertaining paper, the Home Journal.

"Coming from Thomas Carlyle (addressed to a young poet,)—the following wisdom may be read as oracular:)—* * "I observe there is less and less attention paid to things in verse; and serious persons everywhere find themselves disposed to hear what a man has to say *the shortest way and the directest*—that is to say, discumbered of rhyme." * * "The *harmony of soul* which would fain utter itself from you in rhymed verses, how much nobler to make it utter itself in rhymed conduct! in excellent manful endeavor to subdue the ruggedness of your life under your feet, and everywhere make *order* reign around you of what is disorder!" * * "Addict yourself to acquire real information about the things that exist around you in this world, and that have existed here: this, surely must be the basis of all good results in the way of thought, speech or speculation for a man. I would have you employ your leisure in reading instructive books, conversing with intelligent men, anxiously seeking out such, anxiously endeavoring to render yourself worthy of such."

"There can be no harm in amusing your leisure with verses, if you find it an amusement; but certainly I would by no means recommend you to prosecute it in any way as an employment, for in that sense I think it can turn to nothing but an obstruction and a disappointment. Verse-writing, notwithstanding all the talk your hear about it, is in almost all cases a totally idle affair: a man was *not* sent into this world to write verses—no! If he finds himself called to speak, let him *speak*, manfully, some "words of truth and soberness;" and, in general, leave the *singing* and verse making part of it, till the very last extremity of some inward or outward call, drive him irresistibly thither."

The above was written to a *weaver lad*, a relative of Carlyle who had sent him some of his effusions. The hesitator between a shuttle and Pegasus is now residing in New York, and the *Tribune*, in which we find the letter, says:—"Carlyle responded in the following letter, so wise, so truthful, manly, wholesome, that we are sure he cannot censure our improvement of the fortune which now gives it to the public. Should he be disposed to object, we beg him to consider that our Country, even more than his own, has many thousands of sanguine youth who need precisely the counsel given in this letter, and who will hear and heed it from him sooner than from any other.

As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth:
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth,—
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race.

NOTEWORTHY NEWS.

A funny sect, that we never heard of before, is thus described in a report of a recent sermon, in the *Express*:—"The Omischites must be one of the most singular denominations of Christians in the world. The church originated in Holland, and was founded, in the 16th century, by a man named Jacob Omie, who had previously been a most zealous Menanize. This singular sect have gradually increased in numbers up to the present time; and whole districts of them may now be found in the interior of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. The reason that so little is known about them is, that they are never allowed to attend other churches, and never allow others to attend their own, and it is said that Mr. Miller is the only seceder from that church in the country. The following are some of the peculiarities of this people: Their clothing is always home made, and their coats destitute of collars, are fastened by hooks and eyes instead of buttons; they also wear broad-brimmed hats, and long beards, and in every particular dress much more plainly than the Quakers. The women also dress very plainly, but the reverend gentleman omitted to go into particulars on account of the delicacy of the subject. But he added, that to depart from the above modes of dress was considered a breach of the religion, and was severely punished. They worship but one hour in the week, and that is on Sunday, between 9 and 10 o'clock, after which the day is devoted to amusement. They invariably sing two hymns, and have one discourse. After the psalm is done, he asks the congregation how they liked the sermon; when one of the old fathers invariably answers—"Yes, we are pleased." Sermons are never found fault with among this people. They despise everything like learning, and interpret the scriptures very much after the manner of other heathen. They have no churches, but their dwellings are used for that purpose; and, while the religious services are going on, it is customary for about half a dozen women to be preparing a sumptuous feast, in the way of soup, and bread and butter. Their preachers are elected by ballot, and whosoever is elected, is compelled to officiate. When a member of the church is guilty of any offence, he is expelled not only from this church, but from the bosom of his family. They are great haters of the Irish, and look upon every Paddy as a near relative of the Devil. They never suffer their children to go to school, and consider themselves the only true christians on the earth."

TO MISS C. M. SEDGEWICK.

Oh, glory-wedded, to thy brow
A coronal is given,
For which, when song and Greece were young
The very gods have striven.

Oh, find'st thou not that envied crown
A weary weight and chilling?
Its lonely glory, is it not
An ice-touch, heartward thrilling?

Ah no, e'en now a rosy light
Those vernal leaves is flushing—
Oh, woman-hearted, love's warm buds
Are 'mid thy laurels blushing!

OURSELVES.

"Chambers's Information for the People" contains a long article on the Human Body, from which we extract the following most interesting passage:—

"Man surpasses all other animals in the height and proportions of the forehead, and in the comparative mass of brain in the upper part of the skull. In the human head the lower parts of the face bear a smaller proportion to the forehead than in the brutes. The face is placed in nearly a perpendicular line with the forehead, instead of projecting outwards into a snout, as in the lower animals. The brute face is merely suited for the purpose of animal wants and for defence; the jaws are long and narrow, supplied with thick, strong muscles, and short teeth; there is not the elevated nose which in man forms a distinguishing feature—the arched eye-brows—the exquisitely formed lips, and the rounded chin; above all, there is not that play of varied expression, that air of intelligence, and that indescribable emanation of a rational mind, that ray of divinity, at the appearance of which the most wild and ferocious of the brute creation are awed and subdued. But, besides, the Creator seems to have allotted characteristic external signs to express the passions of the mind, that in social life man might not easily impose on his fellowman; for the various muscles of the face express the several passions of the mind so faithfully, that they may be even represented in painting. This is said to be the natural expression, and would appear to be understood even by animals; for a dog, on looking to the countenance of his master, easily recognises the mute expressions either of commendation or dissatisfaction. From the action of these muscles being so often repeated, physiognomy arises; the action of the prevailing muscles fixes an enduring expression on the features; and thus traces of frequent anger often remain in the countenance after the passion itself is gone off. With the power of speech and reason, man has also the means of expressing his feelings and passions by laughter and weeping, manifestations which are not found in the lower animals. Weeping proceeds from a deep emotion of the mind, and seems an effort of nature to relieve the system of grief. It usually begins with deep inspirations of the lungs, after which follow short alternate inspirations and expirations, and it is finished with a deep long-drawn expiration, which is immediately followed by an inspiration. When moderate, it certainly relieves the distress arising from grief. Laughter has its rise from some ludicrous ideas impressed upon the mind, and would seem to arise directly from a sort of titillation conveyed to the branches of certain internal nerves, probably those of the diaphragm; immediately to this succeeds a number of imperfect inspirations and expirations, which seem to be checked by the contraction of the glottis in the throat or larynx. Laughter in a moderate degree may be conducive to health, as it gives impulse to, and ultimately promotes the circulation; carried to excess, however, it may prove dangerous, from accumulating too much blood in the lungs. Sneezing consists of one deep inspiration, succeeded by a powerful single expiration, and seems to consist of a convulsive effort of the muscles of breathing to throw off some cause of irritation in the sensitive membrane of the nostrils. The common hic-cup is a spasmodic action of the muscles of the stomach itself. Some of the causes by which our mental happiness is either increased or diminished, proceed entirely from the bodily sensations. Any gentle stimulus applied to a nerve seems to cause a feeling of pleasure; strong stimuli, or causes disturbing seriously the natural condition, produce pain. Itching is akin to pleasure, and in both cases the flow of blood is increased into the part in which either pleasure or titillation is perceived; but when farther increased, it degenerates into pain, or excessive sensations in the nerves. Anger violently excites the motion of the spirits increases the motion of the heart, the frequency of the pulse, and the strength of the muscles; forces the blood into the extreme vessels; and even sometimes bursts the smaller vessels themselves; passion also increases the secretion of bile. Grief weakens the strength of the nerves and activity of the heart, retards the pulse, destroys the appetite, and frequently produces paleness, looseness of the bowels, indigestion, and those slow or lingering diseases that take their rise from an interruption of the secreting glands, and a disease of their structure. Fear diminishes the force of the heart, weakens the muscular motions, relaxes the whole system, and, if long continued, causes a general sinking of the body. Excessive terror often increases for the moment the muscular strength, even to convulsions; excites the pulse, interrupts the course of the blood, and in not a few instances has produced sudden death. Love, hope, and joy, promote all the salutary actions of the body, gently quicken the pulse, promote circulation, increase the appetite, and aid the cure of diseases. Excessive and sudden transports of joy, however, often prove fatal, by increasing the motion of the blood, and exciting a fit of apoplexy. Shame in a peculiar manner retains the blood in the face, as if the veins were obstructed; when felt in an extreme degree, it has also been known to prove the cause of sudden death.

A FEMALE HOWARD.

There is a female Howard in our country, Miss Dix, whose exertions in behalf of the Insane entitle her to the love and praise of all Americans. During the past year she has been making a tour through the Western States, enquiring into the condition of this unhappy class, calling on persons of weight and influence to move them in the matter, and memorialising the western legislature, with plans for relief. The following picture of one of the objects of her commisseration is from her Report to the Legislature of Illinois:—

"There is at this time, in Morgan county, a man who has been furiously mad most of the time, for many years. His name is Fanning.

It was an intensely hot day last summer, when I visited Fanning. He was confined in a roofed *pen* which enclosed an area of about eight feet by eight.

The interstices between the unhewn logs freely admitted the scorching rays of the sun then, as they now afford admission to the frequent rains, the driving snow, and the pinching frost. He was without bed and without clothing; his food, of the coarsest kind, was passed through a space between the logs; "no better," said a neighbor, "than the hogs are fed."

Some sort of coarse bed-clothing and garments, at times were supplied, but usually not. His feet had been frozen, and had perished; upon the shapeless stumps, he could, aided by some motion of his shoulders, raise his body partially against the side of the pen. This wretched place was cleansed once in a week or fortnight, in mild weather; not so in wet, cold, wintry seasons. I was told that when the pen was opened for this purpose, the help of neighbors was requisite. "We have men called, and they go in and tie him strongly with ropes, and get him out on the ground, and then they clean the place and him, by throwing over them pails of water."

Of course no fire is here introduced in the cold winter weather; but a singular expedient has been adopted, as horrible as it is singular; beneath the pen is excavated a pit about six feet deep and six on either side. This dreary, ghastly place is entered through a trap door: neither light, heat, nor ventillation are there; but there is to be found a pining, desolate, suffering maniac, whose piteous groans, and frantic cries, would move to pity the hardest heart."

[Home Journal.

AN ANECDOTE OF A SHOEMAKER.

Shoemakers have in all ages, been a somewhat remarkable class of men. Meditative and energetic, as it would appear, from the nature of their profession, they have at various times distinguished themselves a patriots, men of letters, and generally useful members of society. Numerous anecdotes are related of individuals who have thus imparted a glory to the "gentle craft," as shoemaking has been called since the days of the illustrious Crispin. In a small and interesting work, entitled "Crispin Anecdotes," we find the following case in illustration:

Timothy Bennett, a shoemaker, resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surry. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bush Park, (a royal demesne) had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, "unwilling," as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce the result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigor in the prosecution of this public claim. In the mean time Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. "Who are you, sir," inquired his lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair."

"My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, when I was a young man, of seeing, while sitting at my work, the people cheerfully passing by to Kingston market; but now my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot, sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens; and I am 'unwilling (it was his favorite expression) to leave the world worse than I found it.' This, my lord, I humbly represent is the reason of my conduct."

"Begone; you are an impertinent fellow!" replied his lordship. However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat—"Lord Halifax, the nobleman, nonsuited by Timothy Bennett, the shoemaker"—he desisted from his opposition and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation to this day. Timothy died when an old man, in 1756. [Chambers' Edinburgh Miscellany.

JUDGE STORY.

We extract the following passage from Mr. Webster's argument before the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of the Steamer Lexington, as reported in the Washington New Era:

"It is a great truth, that England has never produced any eminent writer on national or general public law—no elementary writer, who has made this subject his own, who has breathed his own breath into it, and made it live. In English Judicature, Sir William Scott has, it is true, done much to enlighten the public mind upon the subject of prize causes, &c., and in our day McIntosh has written a paper of some merit; but where is your English Grotius? Where is your English Barbeyrac? Has England produced one? Not one. The English mind has never been turned to the discussion of general public law. We must go to the Continent for the display of genius in this department of human knowledge. What have the courts of Westminster Hall done, to illustrate the principles of public law? With the exception of a tract by Mansfield, of considerable merit, more great principles of public law have been discussed and settled by this Court, within the last twenty years, than in all the common law courts of England for the last hundred years! Nay, more important subjects of law have been examined and passed upon by this bench, in a series of twenty years, than in all Europe for a century past. And I cannot forbear to add, that one in the midst of you has favored the world with a treatise on public law, fit to stand by the side of Grotius, to be the champion of the Institutes—a work that is now regarded by the judicature of the world, as the great book of the age, Story's Conflict of Laws."

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Public School Teachers who wish to attend the lecture, advertised below, will receive a copy of the work gratis, by calling on the publishers, GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, 59 Washington street.

PUBLIC LECTURE.
Mr L. D. Johnson will give a lecture in the Marlboro' Chapel, Hall No. 1, on Tuesday evening, January 12th, at half-past 7 o'clock, when he will make an exposition of the advantages of his system to the public generally, and its adaptation to Common School instruction.
A young lad will be present, who will answer any one of six thousand questions from the "Memoria Technica," when propounded at random by the audience.—Mr. J. pledges himself that he will, in the course of the evening, give such instruction as will convince his hearers of their own ability to commit to memory, and to retain, what they, perhaps, may heretofore have deemed impracticable.
TERMS OF ADMISSION.
As the several exercises of the occasion will be directed to the illustration of the principles and uses of the system, each person in attendance will use a copy of the Memoria Technica, which will be the only necessary ticket of admission to the lecture.
j9 L. D. JOHNSON.

1847. THIS DAY PUBLISHED—LORING'S STATE REGISTER, or Record Book of Valuable Information, giving Massachusetts State Officers, First Provincial Congress, Members of Massachusetts Medical Society, Churches, Colleges, Militia Officers, Postmasters, 100 Societies, Charitable, Religious and Literary; Directors of 29 Banks, 31 Insurance Companies, and 25 Railroads; United States Officers of Army, Navy, &c.; Tariff of 1846, Oregon Treaty, Sub-Treasury, Warehouse System, City Officers of Boston, Salem, Lowell, Roxbury and Cambridge; Free-Masons and Odd Fellows, London Banks and Bankers, Households of English Royal Families, 300 Commissioners of this and other States.
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Reference is permitted to the following gentlemen in Boston:—Samuel Greele, F. O. Watts, Francis Fisher, W. W. Clapp, Joseph Breck, George Howe, J. L. L. F. Warren, Levi Parker, Wm. J. Adams, Wm. D. Swan and David Reed; Drs. A. Ball, John Homans, J. V. C. Smith, and Rev. F. D. Huntington; Dr. Edward Jarvis of Dorchester, and Hon. Samuel Hoar and Joseph Barrett Esq. of Concord.
CHARLES W. GOODNOW.
Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

NEW AND VALUABLE ENGLISH PERIODICAL. *CROSBY & NICHOLS* have just received the first five numbers of The Peoples' Journal, containing amusement, general literature and instruction, with an earnest and business like inquiry into the best means of satisfying the claims of Industry. The names of William Howitt, (one of the proprietors,) Mary Howitt, Harriet Martineau, Miss Mitford, Ebenezer Elliot, Mrs Loudon, Frederica Bremer, Barry Cornwall and others, who will be permanent conributors, indicate the literary character of the work. It will also be embellished with elegant engravings from the first English artists. The extremely low price of the work will put within reach of all classes. It will come to subscribers at $2,50 per annum. Single numbers, 25 cents. Published in monthly parts of 70 pages.
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MANUALS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—*CROSBY & NICHOLS* have just published the following valuable Manuals for Sunday Schools, viz
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The First Book for Sunday Schools, 5th edition
They have nearly ready—A Manual on the Book of Acts, by Rev T. B. Fox.
Do do on the Parables of our Saviour, by Rev F. D. Huntington.
C. & N. publish Mr Phillips's Service Book for Sunday Schools, of which they have just issued a new stereotype edition. The Sunday School Singing Book, by E. L. White, 3d edition. The Ministry of Christ, by Rev T. B. Fox, 3d edition. A Scripture Catechism of the Christian Religion, stated in the words of the Bible, by Rev Eph. Peabody.
Copies of the above furnished for examination by the Publishers. 118 Washington street.
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RECENT PUBLICATIONS. Christianity, the deliverance of the Soul and its Life by the author of Martyria, with an introduction by Rev F. D. Huntington, 37½ cents; Christian Consolations, Sermons designed to furnish comfort and strength to the afflicted, by Andrew P. Peabody, 312 pages; Hymns, Songs and Fables, for Young People, by Mrs. E. L. Follen; The Temperance Cause, a Discourse by Rev Dr. Gannett, 12½ cents; Lessons on the Parables of the Savior, by Rev F. D. Huntington, a new edition; Thoughts selected from the Writings of Rev Dr Channing.
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UNITARIAN ALMANAC FOR 1847. The Unitarian Annual Register for 1847, edited by Rev. A. A. Livermore, with blank leaves for memoranda, 12 cents.
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GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—NEWLY STEREOTYPED EDITION. The subscribers have recently procured new stereotype plates of this popular collection of Sacred Poetry, now used of nearly all the Societies of the denomination, and have just published the 44th Edition, to which an addition of over One Hundred Hymns has been made.
They have also published another Edition containing in addition to the Hymns embraced in supplementary pages, a SERVICE BOOK for the use of those Societies desiring to introduce this mode of worship.
Two separate editions will in future be issued—one with the text as heretofore, for use where this edition is used or desired, corresponding in all respects to the one now in use, with the addition above referred to, but on new type, and the other with the Service Book and Supplementary Hymns.
The additions have been made, with great care, by the Rev R. C. Waterston, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, and are highly approved by those who have examined the work, since they were made.
It is believed that this arrangement will meet the views of the numerous friends of this excellent collection who were desirous that it should embrace many Hymns of high character, written since it was first published, and others, which were not before inserted.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev. Mr. Peabody;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. Mr Fosdick;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Gannett;) Bulfinch st Church (Rev. Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev. Mr. Coolidge,) Church of the Saviour, (Rev Mr Waterston;) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev. Dr. Dewey;) Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Rev. Mr. Farley;) College Chapel, and also Divinity Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Ipswich, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Sterling, Mass; Portsmouth, Walpole, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I.; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Alton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.
We respectfully request Clergymen or Church Committees proposing a change in their Hymn Books, or forming new Societies, to forward us their addresses, when copies shall be sent them for examination.
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